THE EARLY HISTORY of NORTHERN ILLINOIS

CHARLES KNAPP CARPENTER

Grace B. Wilbur
from Nancy DeTour

Xmas, 1949

The Early History

of

Northern Illinois

By

CHARLES KNAPP CARPENTER

A Crane's Grove Settler of Long Standing

Charles Knapp Carpenter,

The Author,

Dedicates This History

to the Boys and Girls

of Northern Illinois,

the Future Backbone of America,

Especially to Those Who Are in

the Country Schools.

Published by the
Ogle County Federation of Women's Clubs

FOREWORD

This very condensed history of Northern Illinois consists of two sections.

SECTION A is a brief sketch of the history of this territory from the beginning of Time to the admission of Illinois to statehood in the year 1818. (See page 43.)

This is meant to be the panoramic background against which the more important part of this book is thrown into relief.

My hope is that the readers may have their memories quickened, or may be sent to their libraries to increase their knowledge of this seemingly endless period of Illinois history.

SECTION B is the more detailed and valuable part of this writing, the settling of Northern Illinois by the white men. (See page 63.)

The focal points are: The Kellogg Trail, Crane's Grove, and Abe Lincoln.

BEING

A History of the Settlement of Northern Illinois

And Of

The Northern Illinois Development Company

Printed by Kable Brothers Company
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THE EARLY HISTORY OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

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SECTION A

A Brief Account of the History of this Territory from the Beginning of Time to the Admission of Illinois into Statehood in 1818.

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PART I

from the Beginning of Time to the Coming of the White Men.

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PART II

America from the Coming of the White Men to the Declaration of Independence

❖

PART III

PART I

From the Beginning of Time to the Coming of the White Men

Chapter I

THE CREATION

THE greater part of the history of Illinois was written before the Indians gave it its name or any man of any kind looked at its beautiful prairies and forests.

Before any men as we know them were here, these regions were teeming with life. The mastodon stood at the head of the procession, for LeConte says that "the Mastodon Americanus" is probably the largest land-mammal known. Several kinds of elephants, tigers, lions, bears, deer, horses, beavers five feet long, and others, have left their skeletons intact in many places as proof positive of their presence here. A mammoth's tooth in my museum was found within a mile of my home. And parts of skeletons have been taken from our gravel-beds.

Not to be outdone, plants of great size covered the earth; ferns growing to the size of our modern forest-trees to furnish the material for the making of the coal-beds that underlie our state, and warm our homes.

But let us review the panorama from the beginning. If we are to cover the entire history of Illinois, we must start with a great blank or vacuum (shall we call it the Great Blank or NOTHING) in place of this far-flung universe and this tiny solar system with

this little world as one of its integral parts but which is of the greatest importance to us who read these pages.

And across that empty DARKNESS, we see only a blazing word or two: *GOD—THE CREATOR,* and beneath those words a blazing sentence: *"In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth."*

There may be only one word—*CREATOR* —but it is written all over the universe, perhaps approaching ETERNITY for continuance, and being OMNIPOTENCE in action.

Can we imagine God the Creator taking a great Cipher (call it Nothing if you will) in His hands and pulling it in two, and holding the positive part of the Cipher in one hand (the protons) and the negative part of the Cipher in the other hand (the electrons), and using the residue (the neutrons) for ballast; balancing them to shape the atoms and grouping the atoms into molecules, and building the molecules into stars and worlds and every creature that calls them its home?

Can we patiently make our imagination practical and realistic by reading all astronomy, geology, botany, zoology, to learn something of the details as they are being spelled out by the great army of scientists? And can we then, in great humility, say that Creation is the work of God? No school-boy,

no great inventor, no sage, is a Creator. Creation is God's unaided chapter.

And with our imagination traveling much faster than time, can we see the Creator fashioning the solar system, creating the sun and using it perhaps for the dynamo, fashioning the planets, building the world, guiding it through the long periods of time, building the land and water, shaping and reshaping the continents, and peopling the land and sea with plants and animals, and leading them to high levels, from the tiny protozoan to the most complex forms, using these forms of life to build coal-beds and limestone bluffs, sending the giant ice-floes from the far north across northern Illinois to shift the plant and animal populations, to pulverize the rocky soil and fit it for the bite of the pioneer's plow; and to leave great windrows of pulverized rock in the form of gravel and sand to ballast our railroads and undergird our highways and make our dwelling-places more enduring? And so Illinois was fashioned by Omnipotence into its present form.

When all of this and countless other things had been done by the Almighty, He beheld His handiwork and said, "It is Good. Now let us make man in our image." And "God created man in His image."

Chapter II

THE SHADOW-MEN

THE first groups of men who spread over the earth, I am calling "the Shadow-men" because in so many ways they are vague and indistinct. They seem like dim shadows flitting along the beaches of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, the edges of the prairies, the aisles of the forests.

We might call them pre-historic men, but that term is misleading for a mass of indisputable evidence has been collected by the ethnologists and anthropologists and archaeologists, proving that these primitive groups have a definite place in the world's history. Anybody wishing to know what can be known will consult the books written by these eminent scientists.

They have classified and named these "Shadow-men," calling them the Pliocene men, the Heidleberg men, the Piltdown men, the Neanderthal men, and the Cro-Magnon group. And they talk of them as we talk of the English and Germans, the French and Italians. They suggest that the Pliocene men arrived on the earth about 500,000 years ago. They tell us that these folks probably originated in Java and its environs, and spread west and north across Asia and Europe to reach their highest flowering in western Eu-

rope and the British Islands. The large museums exhibit a splendid range of human skeletons found in various caves and other places in that region, the skeletons mingled with the skeletons of ancient animals used by them for food. And there are many other relics.

And yet there is so much speculation and disagreement, so many unanswered questions among the scientists that I am content to call these men "the Shadow-men." Moreover, they are much more shadowy in America than in England and Europe and Asia.

Our country has made the least contribution to these studies, perhaps because it is a newcomer in the field of investigation; and has the least concrete evidence to offer, perhaps because machinery instead of hand-labor has been largely used to dig away the gravel deposits where relics might have been found.

But in a volume entitled "The Evolution of Man," a series of lectures by prominent scientists, published by The Yale University Press, we note a list of places in the United States where traces of the Shadow-men have been found. California and New Jersey, Nebraska and Florida and Texas are listed. With such widespread wanderings indicated, we may think of these folks as having made their way from Java through China and Siberia, and, crossing by land into Alaska, have come down

the Pacific coast, and then fanned out across the continent to the Atlantic seaboard.

But at least so far as Illinois is concerned, they are Shadow-men. We see them only dimly in the shadows of the forests.

Where the Shadow-men roamed

Chapter III

THE AZTECS

THE three remaining groups that made a contribution to the history of America much more definitely than the Shadow-men did are the Aztecs, the Mound-builders and the Indians.

Before bringing these three groups into our sketch of northern Illinois preceding its settlement by the people of the eastern United States, it may be well to clarify my object in this brief history. There are countless questions that will suggest themselves about the origins, relationships, both geographical and chronological, and about the achievements of these groups which have been and are being studied by our scientists. While they continue to gather much evidence, to answer these questions, there is still the widest divergence in their answers.

After all, these classifications of human beings depend upon the content of the definition. For example, how shall we define the word Indian?

We can limit it to the groups of Red men who occupied the United States in its infancy. Or we can go to the other extreme of calling the original Asiatic group Indians, and calling the groups of Shadow-men Primitive Indians, the Aztecs Mechanical Engineering In-

dians, the Mound-builders Mound-building Indians, the Cliff-dwellers Cliff-dwelling Indians, and the Indians of our day Modern Indians.

Three groups of competent men are giving themselves to the study of these problems which, being solved some day, may give us a more perfect answer, if not a final one, to our questions. The Anthropologists are the first class studying MAN. The Archaeologists, a branch of the first class, are studying MAN as he is revealed by the relics he has left, including his own skeleton. The Ethnologists, another branch of the first class, are studying MAN through his relationships with other men, anatomically and historically.

These men in all of these groups are in wide disagreement. If and when they reach a common understanding, all of us will gladly accept their findings. With their problems I am greatly interested but not here concerned. I think that the groups of men, called Shadow-men in this writing, stem from a common ancestor; but some wiser men will dispute it. However, the answer to that question has nothing to do with my present endeavor.

And what about the origin of the Aztecs? Did they originate in Asia, and from what group? And did they cross from that continent into Alaska, and did they move slowly around the present United States before pass-

ing on into Mexico and Central America? These are interesting matters for thought and study but not relevant to this writing.

And what of the relation of the Mound-builders to the Indians? Are all of them Indians with minor differences as some would affirm? I am not willing to go that far but have no intention of debating the matter.

What I do believe and endeavor to portray is that each of these four groups — the Shadow-men, Aztecs, Mound-builders and Indians—with a common ancestry somewhere in the past, have diverged far enough from the others, have displayed a different culture, developed different beliefs, moved forward in different directions, so that each of them is distinct enough to have a place of its own in my composite picture. Let us turn more directly now to the Aztecs, the best known of three groups inhabiting Mexico long ago.

The Mayas occupied much of Mexico and Central America, and still do. Their early history is the best known of these peoples, taking us far back to the years preceding the Christian era. And preceding their well-known history, their traditions tell of their coming to Mexico from the far North. This fits in with a widespread belief that they came out of Asia, crossed into Alaska or Canada, and moved slowly southward through the United States into Mexico.

They had a well-developed culture as did their near cousins, the Aztecs and Incas, as numerous ruins of temples and other buildings, and many relics indicate. Indeed some historians consider them further advanced than either the Aztecs or Incas.

Perhaps we may think of these three groups as representing the most progressive of the early American peoples, and let the Aztecs—the best known group—be their common spokesman. If their early path is obscured by clouds, their later history is sharply defined as we look at them, definitely located in Mexico. They are an integral part of American life with great achievements that have already contributed to the present civilization of America, and with possibilities still present to aid America in her future progress.

Nearly a thousand years ago, the Aztecs were emerging from obscurity; and from then on, their history takes definite shape.

The human pattern was much like that of the Indian tribes in the United States as the European explorers found them. Mexico was occupied by numerous groups of people, living independently of each other, striving with each other in war for supremacy, forming loose federations on a voluntary or compulsory basis for the purpose of protection or conquest. These groups seem to me to have been much more highly civilized, more intel-

lectual, more progressive than the Indians.

During these struggles the Aztecs came to center in and around Mexico City. When we read of the magnificent buildings, mansions, temples, and art-galleries, or of their gigantic strides in promoting their welfare in the fields of mining, agriculture, etc., of engineering feats, a remarkable system of irrigation, and especially their knowledge of astronomy, we marvel at their progress.

The historian Prescott says, "We cannot contemplate the astronomical science of the Mexicans without astonishment." And Hitchcock adds, "They were acquainted with the cause of eclipses, and they recognized some of the most important constellations. They adjusted the times of their festivals by the movements of the plants and fixed the length of the tropical year with great precision."

An immense sundial disinterred in 1790, reveals more of their knowledge. "They settled the hours of the day precisely, also the periods of the solstices and equinoxes," etc. These buildings and engineering feats remind us strikingly of the ancient wonders in the Egyptian deserts—their magnificent temples, the statues of their rulers, the pyramids, the Great Sphinx, and others. We wonder whether the Aztecs and Egyptians may not be closely related or have followed the same path in the distant centuries.

This forward march and possibly greater contribution to the future of the Americas was ruthlessly stopped by the coming of two expeditions, headed by two of the most loathsome men who ever trod this earth, Spanish adventurers or rather murderers, as cold-blooded as the Capone gang of our day. Pizarro devoted his time to destroying the Inca civilization in Peru; while Cortez treated the Aztecs in the same manner.

They destroyed not only peoples but a civilization that would have been of priceless benefit to the Americas through all of the years. Even yet the United States may well heed and profit by their wisdom.

Today, the United States with our Illinois in the center of it, is facing destruction through the misuse of our water-supplies. There are many angles to the problem. Soil-erosion which destroys the fertility of farmlands; the lowering of the water-table beneath our feet, so that springs that fed the streams have dried up; the trees have been forced to change their habits and are now competing with the grass for surface-moisture instead of reaching for their supply into the deeps; our wells are being driven deeper and deeper to the danger-point in the search for water, and the cities in the Fox River valley, scarcely able to reach water enough for the needs of their people are crying for help

and looking to Lake Michigan for relief which could only be temporary; the dust-storms of Kansas and other states, made possible because land unfit to be plowed was plowed to grow more wheat; the ruthless destruction of forests needed to provide top-soil and reservoirs of water; the building of dikes or levees to turn our rivers into mill-races, to rush the top-soil into the sea to destroy the oyster-beds and greatly diminish our crops, or to break through the embankments to bring great damage to property and loss of life as yesterday in Vanport, Oregon, and increasingly every year as more and more we defy the laws of Nature: these things stagger us with their threatened destruction of our civilization.

We have been speaking of Mexico and the Aztec people, teaching us the need of conserving the water-supplies. We think of Mexico and South America as parts of the earth where the land has scarcely been scratched and where generous crops are assured for many, many years. A book just off of the press entitled "Our Plundered Planet" by Fairfield Osborn portrays a very different picture. It is well worth your reading. The situation even in these lands is so alarming that Mexico and the nations to the south recently had a conference to face this problem seriously. "The Chief of the Conservation Section of the Pan American Union" in his report on the findings

of the convention said, "If the present trends continue, Mexico within a century will be so severely denuded that the country AT BEST will only be able to maintain its people at the barest subsistence level." And the author of the book with many pages of figures and statistics speaks with a startling prophecy that "the present situation portends the eventual collapse of the whole economic structure. Mexico today is engaged in a desperate struggle for survival."

His picture of the United States is equally disheartening, but we do not need to be told these things. Our casual reading constantly brings us these warnings. Across the northern states of our nation, there are hundreds of thousands of acres of denuded forest-lands and abandoned farm-lands because our forebears did not recognize the need of caring for the treasures that were theirs. Across the southern section of our country, are hundreds of thousands of acres of abandoned or sorely wasted farm-lands that were used for the growing of cotton and tobacco, year after year without any thought of conserving the wealth of the soil.

And in Illinois, this garden-spot of the world, we have engaged in this same ruthless destruction of the things that must be preserved or restored, if we are to continue having the bountiful food-supplies.

We need to learn from the ancient Aztecs the value of water-supplies. We need to stop turning our rivers into mill-races to hurry the water away: we need to keep it at home. We need to break down the dikes instead of building them higher, and let the water with every rain, spill out into the bayous and marshes, not only to stop the floods, but to keep the water to evaporate and form new clouds or soak into the ground to bring the water-table to the old levels. We need to restore the drainage districts to their former status. I have intimate acquaintance with three of these through close study of the plant and bird life. Babcock's slough, between Freeport and Rockford, needs only the filling of a ditch dug to drain the water into the Pecatonica River. The Rob Roy marshes, west of Aurora, need only the filling of a ditch that carries the water from where it ought to be, into Blackberry Creek. The Pingree Grove Marsh, west of Elgin, a most wonderful bird-haven, that ought to be restored for many reasons, could be restored in the same very easy way. These are only examples familiar to me of what we could do to prevent floods and help to restore underground water-levels. The serious endeavor to replace denuded forest-lands to hold water-supplies and other things enters into the picture.

It is a mighty difficult task, but a matter of

life and death. The Aztecs may not have set foot on Illinois territory, but if we will think of them and let them teach us of the great need of conserving our water-supplies, they will earn a permanent place in our affairs as we strive for a greater Illinois.

The Aztecs built magnificent temples

Chapter IV

THE MOUND-BUILDERS

WE HAVE been considering two groups of people, the Shadow-men and Aztecs who probably had no personal contact with Northern Illinois, or at least have left no relics to establish a claim to residence.

In sharp contrast with these are the Mound-builders who were the first settlers to take possession of the entire area of our state and who were present in all parts of the state in considerable numbers.

If this group did come out of Asia, the so-called spawning ground of mankind, and did cross into Alaska, we wonder whether they may not have made their way across the Rockies as far north as Canada. If they followed down the Pacific coast, they must have walked softly for they left no footprints; and they did leave many footprints all over the remainder of our country. All of the way from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, they left many, many footprints, these being most numerous in the Mississippi River basin. The name of Mound-builder is given to this quaint group of folks because building mounds seems to have been their chief business. Perhaps nobody has made a studied estimate of the

scores of thousands of these mounds. They are of many sizes from a few feet to thousands of feet in diameter or length. They are of many shapes; square, oblong, round, or shaped like serpents, birds, mammals or other forms of life. They are used for or associated with many of the customs of the people. And the shapes seem to have definite meanings at least to some of the groups.

Small square mounds may mark the site of homes, the contents of the mound indicating a use something like that of our cellars, because of its contents, such as bones of animals used as food, ashes, relics of various kinds, weapons, etc.

Small, circular mounds may be burial mounds, and may contain several skeletons, arranged symmetrically, following different designs. These burial mounds may display considerable skill and knowledge of the use of different kinds of clays and fire to make a kind of cement which has preserved the skeletons in an unusual manner. These burial vaults may contain relics of many kinds.

The most interesting mounds perhaps are those shaped like a bear or reptile or eagle or other form of life. These seem to have had some cultural or religious significance.

There are small mounds which were used for altars, with a bowl made of clay in which fires were built.

An Ohio mound shaped like a great snake with three coils in its tail was more than 1300 feet long. There are large eagles in Wisconsin, measuring 1000 feet from tip to tip of wings. Such figures are sometimes placed as though meant to afford protection to large cemeteries.

Northern Illinois was one of the most thickly-populated regions occupied by the Mound-builders. The lead-mine region was thickly strewn with these earthy hieroglyphics. Galena and its companion-city Dubuque on the west side of the Mississippi River are in the midst of a vast field of these relics.

In August, 1872, the American Association for the Advancement of Science held its annual meeting in Dubuque with the Mound-builders occupying a prominent place on the program. During the meeting, the delegates went across the river into Illinois, and watched the opening of one of these mounds in which "they found skulls, stone hatchets, rude household utensils, and the thigh bone of the skeleton of a man estimated to be at least eight feet in height."

Kett's History of Ogle County, Illinois, published in 1878, describes the very numerous mounds, in the neighborhood of Oregon, the county-seat. Oregon was built on one of these ancient villages. Many of these mounds have been opened; many were removed during the

grading of streets and the erection of houses; and a large one was levelled where the Court-house was built.

These first settlers of Illinois were simple, harmless people. They do not seem to have been especially warlike as were many of their successors, the Indians.

This group with its almost countless relics has been recently and is still being subjected to intensive study, and the opinion seems to be growing that the Indian groups sprang from these "builders in earth."

The Mound-builders have been exterminated or have died out. But their records have been assembled in many museums or other display-places, so that the unborn generations in Illinois, as they come along, can become well acquainted with these first settlers of their state.

Chapter V

THE INDIANS

THE second group of settlers to occupy the entire state of Illinois was known as The American Indians. The Indians misnamed by Columbus, who, having gotten into the front yard of Europe, thought that he had reached India on the other side of the world, have carried the name indicating a case of mistaken identity, ever since.

Their relation to their predecessors is not clear. Seemingly they were physically superior and more warlike than the Mound-builders. Perhaps they drove these first settlers before them and exterminated them. Perhaps the Mound-builders faded out before an unfavorable environment. Perhaps these Mound-builders degenerated into the Indian groups.

Concerning the Indians, it is commonly accepted that they are Asiatic in origin, and by whatever devious path they came, either by their own devices or by those of ancestral stocks, made their way from Siberia to the United States.

The devious path they followed, has been referred by us several times to the specialists, the anthropologists, ethnologists, and archaeologists. Their relationship to the Shadow-

men, Aztecs and Mound-builders is a problem belonging to these men. Reaching the northwestern coast of North America, seemingly, the Indians moved slowly down the Pacific coast, then east across the southern part of our country, then north and west to occupy the entire land. We will not concern ourselves with that period of settlement, perhaps taking centuries and bringing many changes in the customs and habits of the Indians themselves. It will serve our purpose to think of them as they were when Columbus discovered America; or when the first white men, Spanish, French, English, came to colonize these lands.

Although the entire United States was occupied by the Indians, the country was not thickly settled. A few million people would be a fair estimate. An occasional speculator has put the figure as high as ten or even fifteen million people; but most estimates are much less than that.

The Indians never settled thickly. Their beliefs and manner of living made that impossible. No individual Indian owned any land. The land was owned or claimed by the tribe; but the ownership might be challenged by any other tribe and be taken possession of, if it could defeat the first tribe in battle. Moreover each tribe wanted a large, unocccupied space around its village for hunting and fishing; and these spaces between the tribal headquarters

were the causes and scenes of innumerable battles.

It followed logically that the different groups of Indians constantly shifted in importance, certain groups like the Iroquois or Sioux becoming dominant over wide stretches of territory, and others dwindling or disappearing. Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans" tells of such an occurrence.

There was no over-all organization to bind these Indian settlers together. There were not even any widely-spread bonds of sympathy apparent. The people were divided into hundreds of tribes, a few hundred people being the limit. Some of these tribes were friendly, spoke the same language and formed a loose federation, and fought together in wars. But often there was hostility, there were wars and bitter antagonisms that might last for generations.

There was no common language. This is not strange for there were no newspapers, magazines, radio broadcasts or travel back and forth, which tend to unify the languages. The aloofness of the Indians tended to multiply the dialects. In our country as a whole, there were perhaps a hundred widely different languages or stock-languages, so different that these language-groups could not understand one another; and in any group using a stock-language, there were wide variations of speech.

As these lists of stock-speeches have been prepared by our linguists, we recognize groups by such names as Algonquin, Eskimauan, Iroquoian, Siouian, etc.

The customs of the Indians varied widely. But they usually built a village with rude homes made of logs, slabs, stones, dirt, etc., and using tents or wigwams for hunting-trips or travelling.

Their clothing was simple, the skins of various animals, bison, bear, rabbits, squirrels being largely used. There was also more or less weaving, various plants furnishing the material.

Hunting and fishing provided much of the food, but there were many other items such as cranberries, blueberries, raspberries, plums, wild cherries, nuts, mushrooms, wild rice, etc. In their gardens, sunflowers, corn, pumpkins, etc., were raised, the ground being cultivated with rough, stone spades.

There are other interesting fields for study. The making of pottery and baskets, the use of stone and metals as copper, lead and gold for equipment; the training of wild horses, dogs and other wild animals. But there are many volumes on these subjects available for any interested person.

Let us restrict our field to Illinois as the white men found it. Many of our cities and villages as they now are, mark the sites of In-

dian villages in earlier days. Dixon, Freeport and Galena in this immediate neighborhood are such examples.

The Sacs and Foxes, two closely-related tribes, occupied the mid-section of Northern Illinois. The Winnebagoes, perhaps an offshoot of the ones just mentioned, occupied the Galena area of the state. To the east toward Lake Michigan, the Pottawatomies lived. Farther south, in the Peoria neighborhood, the Kickapoos, a more warlike group, had their homes.

Along the eastern part of the state, the Miamis were established. In the southeastern part of the state, the Shawnees claimed title and over the large remaining section we can write "The Illinois Tribes" who had prestige enough to give their name to Virginia's Illinois County, the Illinois Territory, and to the state itself when it became separated from the Illinois Territory.

But these territorial boundaries had no overhead government to approve or defend them. Each Indian tribe or smaller group was a law unto itself, staying in a region as long is it could defend itself against trespassers, or taking over any other territory if it was strong enough to kill or drive away those occupying the land.

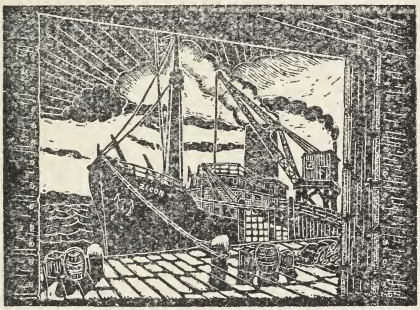
Perhaps the worst fighting took place between the native Indians, and bodies of war-

riors from tribes living in other parts of the country who leaving their squaws and children at home invaded the Illinois territory in search of better hunting lands or highly-prized scalps, these being especially sought after by the boys growing to manhood, to prove their right to be called "braves." Perhaps the greatest scourge in the history of our Indians was an invasion by the dreaded Iroquois Indians living in far away New York; a large body of warriors inflicting great losses on some of the Illinois tribes.

The Indians could not write but they wrote their names all over Illinois. The stars in the sky do not seem much more numerous as we look at them than do the Indian names when we gaze at an Illinois map. The Foxes dwelling in Rock River valley, named a river, lake, village and many streets. The Winnebagoes, lead-miners when they worked, in the northwestern corner of the state, gave their name to Winnebago County and village; and Winnebago Street stretches through many an Illinois town. For a number of years I lived in a town between Freeport and Rockford. I sailed my boat on the PECATONICA river, lived in a town with the same name, in a county named WINNEBAGO and in a state named ILLINOIS. That is being made over into an Indian so far as environment has its way. Dwellers in Freeport live on the banks of a river,

the Pecatonica with its Indian name. Some of them walk to their homes located on Iroquois Street and are reminded of the Indian scourge. And I am told that there is a subdivision of Freeport in which many streets carry Indian names. Glancing over two or three pages of the Freeport telephone directory, I found there the following Indian names: Winneshiek, Wyandotte, Illinois, Shawnee, Iroquois, Miami, Chippewa, Erie and Dakota, as names of streets. An interesting diversion carrying more benefit than the working of a cross-word puzzle or playing a game of bridge, is to make a list of all of the Indian names to be found in one's local county.

The Indians with their history interwoven closely with the history of the white explorers, traders and settlers, form an interesting part of our immediate history.



At La Pointe—Lead mined by the Indians was loaded on steamers.

SECTION A

extending to the Admission of Illinois into Statehood in the Year 1818

Part II

The History of America from the Coming of the White Men to The Declaration of Independence

Chapter 1

THE NORSEMEN

THE first white men to make settlements in North America were called Norsemen or Northmen or Vikings; the first two names being given because their homes were along the NORTH coasts of western Europe; the name Vik-ings being given because the word meaning "inletmen" indicates that they lived mainly in the deep inlets reaching from the sea into the mountainous regions of Norway and Sweden and Denmark. They fascinate us by their fearlessness and daring. They even challenged and put to severe test the power of the Roman Empire.

They frequently scourged the British Islands held as a part of the Roman Empire, and were especially ferocious in their treatment of Christians. We quote H. G. Wells who says, "they delighted in the burning of monasteries and nunneries and the slaughter of their inmates."

Even more recklessly they challenged and braved the fury of the North Atlantic Ocean, sailing in long, narrow boats, propelled mostly by oars.

They pushed these frail carriers to the shores of Iceland and took possession of that land, and settled it as a colony. They pushed

on to Greenland and established colonies here, and then they went farther asea to reach the eastern shores of America.

Along the eastern coast of our continent, the shores of Maine and farther north, they did considerable colonizing. And all this took place hundreds of years before Columbus discovered America. The height of their explorations and conquests were from the fifth to the ninth centuries A. D. Eventually when their power was broken in Europe, their settlements collapsed and made no lasting impression on our American life.

Chapter 2

THE SPANIARDS

THE Spaniards deserve to head the list as the first white men who colonized the United States in a large way, and whose settlements are still a real part of our American life.

There are numerous FIRST places long ago awarded to them. Columbus an Italian but sailing under the flag of Spain, discovered the Americas October 11, 1492, and in the next few years, established several Spanish colonies in the West Indies Islands. He discovered South America in 1498, and explored Central America in 1502. Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean in 1513. Ponce de Leon discovered the coast of Florida and explored its interior in 1512, but did not discover the "Fountain of Eternal Youth." Cortez conquered Mexico in 1519. Magellan skirted the Americas, discovered the Strait of Magellan and sailed around the world in 1520. DeSoto discovered the Mississippi River in 1541. In 1542 Cabrillo explored the coast of California. In 1565 Melendez founded St. Augustine and in 1582 Espejo founded Santa Fe.

Any reader can spend some interesting minutes by spreading out a map of the United States and laying a ruler from the Atlantic to

the Pacific Ocean, crossing St. Augustine and the Santa Catalina Islands and note the broad band containing many Spanish names of cities, mountains, rivers, islands, etc., including some in southern Illinois. The Spaniards were outstanding colonists. They made large contributions to the American civilization.

Chapter 3

THE FRENCH

SO FAR as dates are concerned, the English should be placed ahead of the French, for the Cabots discovered the mainland of North America four years before Columbus discovered the mainland of South America. Except for the Northmen the English were the first white men to see the mainland which we now call the United States. But the English enter so much more prominently into the life of our nation and our state that I will first write of the French who entered more prominently into the early years of the history of the Illinois territory than the English did. (At the beginning of the seventeenth century there was no English colony in America.)

French fishing-boats were plying their trade along the Newfoundland coast as early as 1503. But it was a hundred years later before the first permanent French colony, Port Royal, was founded by De Monts and Champlain, in 1605. The French settlements at first were along the St. Lawrence river, extending toward the Great Lakes.

Some of these French names are indelibly stamped upon Illinois soil. In 1673 a Jesuit missionary named Marquette and a trader named Joliet made their way via the Great

Lakes to the Mississippi, and went down to the mouth of the Arkansas river. In 1679, an adventurous explorer named La Salle with a small company including a priest named Hennepin sailed in a small boat through the Great Lakes to Green Bay. Some of them went down the Illinois River to the Mississippi and up that noble stream as far as the Falls of St. Anthony. There is a map extant of the Galena lead-mine region, known as Hennepin's Map, with the date of 1687. These French names, as La Salle, Joliet, Hennepin and others, have been given to various Illinois towns, rivers, etc. Perhaps every Illinois river, like the Pecatonica and Rock and Fox were rippled by the paddles of these enterprising missionaries and traders, making their way to the Indian villages.

Chapter 4

THE ENGLISH

TO THE English belongs the credit for discovering the North American continent before either the Spaniards or French, the Cabots having the honor in 1494. Then for almost a century the English did not display any interest in the western hemisphere. In 1579, Francis Drake explored the California coast. In 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert made an unsuccessful attempt to establish a colony at Newfoundland. In 1584 and later, his half-brother, Sir Walter Rawleigh made several unsuccessful attempts to establish colonies along the Virginia coast.

But in the early part of the next century, the English commenced colonization in earnest. In 1607, Jamestown in Virginia was founded. In 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers came and founded Plymouth Colony. In 1630, Governor Winthrop with 1500 would-be settlers came to establish Massachusetts Bay Colony. In that party was my direct ancestor, Nicholas Knapp and two of his brothers. These last two groups were the beginning of the great Puritan migration to America. The English did not at first compete with the Spanish and French for the interior of the western continent but were satisfied to build their colo-

nies solidly along the Atlantic seaboard.

They had some competition, for in 1609, an Englishman named Henry Hudson, in the service of Holland, discovered the Hudson River and explored the neighboring territory. The Dutch claimed the country and named it New Netherlands, this being the beginning of the great state of New York. However the Dutch did not enter seriously into competition with the others.

The Spanish with their center of operations being the broad belt from Florida to southern California, the French with their most important area of settlements being the St. Lawrence river basin, and westward into the Great Lakes area, were the serious competitors.

Chapter 5

The Struggle Among the European Powers for Dominance in AMERICA

EVEN while the European powers were making the earliest settlements, most of them far removed from each other, antagonisms were manifesting themselves. With this great continent vacant so far as the white men were concerned, this seemed foolish. There was room enough for all.

The English and Dutch quite naturally were rivals from the beginning. The Dutch colonies in New York were in the very heart of the English settlements; but the English, French and Spaniards with their settlements more widely scattered were also embroiled from the beginning.

Some of the wars by these three powers did not touch American soil, being fought on the high seas or the continent of Europe, but whatever other issues were involved, America was the great prize for which they contended. Some of these struggles were among the Indian tribes with the European powers seemingly not concerned. But the Indians were easily duped and often intrigued into battle by the veiled plots of England, France and Spain.

Finally as a result of wars, treaties and pur-

chases, England became the possessor of the prize as all of you know. And then a struggle assumed a different form, a struggle between England and the colonies.

Chapter 6

The Struggle between the Mother-land and the Colonies

THE so-called Mother-land considered America a storehouse of wealth to be used for British enrichment and to be obtained by pressure; and the colonists were subjects "without inalienable rights," to be ruled from across the ocean by England. But many of the colonists had left England and other European countries to escape that kind of domination. They had come to America and had endured the almost incredible hardships of the pioneer days to establish homes and build a land where they could be free.

With the passing years the issue became more bitter, the lines more sharply drawn, with numerous tories among the colonists, but with the group demanding independence becoming increasingly powerful, until at length the war became inevitable. Patrick Henry was shouting with a voice heard from New England to the Gulf of Mexico, "I repeat it sir, we must fight," and George Washington was busy organizing the Virginia militia.

In April of 1775, the first shots were fired at Lexington and Concord Bridge. During the following years, the colonists enduring every privation, hunger, disease, lack of equipment,

fought on, their dogged determination being their most powerful weapon, and with Washington, the world's most inspiring leader and greatest general leading them; until October 19, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered and our freedom had been won.

July 4, 1776, The Declaration of Independence was adopted by the Congress already organized.

September 3, 1783, Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States.

The representatives of the United States gave formal expression to the beliefs of the people "that all men are created equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

With many scars, and sore wounds and new-made graves, the dauntless United States set out to establish a nation where the INDIVIDUAL, the lonely, friendless man, standing all alone, has an inalienable right, God-created, his freedom.

SECTION A

Part III

The United States from its Beginning to the Admission of Illinois into Statehood

DID ever a greater task face a people than was faced by the American colonies when they had won their independence? They were free—to go in a thousand directions that would lead to destruction, or to find and take the one path that would lead to possible greatness through the freedom guaranteed to the individual man, the least man.

Every member of this great commonwealth today ought to be profoundly grateful for the group of outstanding leaders—Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams and the others who led the people through the deep waters in their great venture. And he ought to be thankful for the inspired words that came from unselfish, patriotic minds, "All legislative powers shall be vested in a Congress of the United States", to be chosen by the voters of the several states.

In this backslidden day when the ugly head of the serpent of totalitarianism is raised at home and abroad, that poisonous creature, lusting for power and more power, denying and seeking to deny to the people their guaranteed rights, every school-boy and girl should know by heart the first article of the Constitution of

the United States. It should be worn as a frontlet upon the forehead of every loyal American.

Under this Magna Charta, the new nation set out into the wilderness. Naturally there were many difficult situations, many knotty problems.

Here is an illustration involving our own future state of Illinois. When the United States came into being, Illinois belonged to three of the thirteen original colonies, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Virginia. Massachusetts claimed Northern Illinois for some British king or other dignitary had given it all of the land lying west of its present location. And Connecticut claimed it for some other king or dignitary had made the same gift to Connecticut, and the surveyor's lines got tangled enough so that if the matter had not been adjusted, the folks living today in Polo or Oregon, would have been living in both states, and then some other king or dignitary had given the entire state to Virginia. After the United States obtained its independence, Virginia published a map of the state of Virginia, including all of this Middle-west which it labelled Illinois County. Illinois had come into existence as a map if nothing else. This probably was the first time that the name Illinois was shifted from Indians to real estate. This snarl was straightened out by Federal government's action in having fences built across the back yards of

these three states, and taking possession of all of the land west of the fences and calling it The Northwest Territory. So this great tract of land was ready to welcome settlers and they responded enthusiastically.

The states along the Atlantic Ocean soon became overcrowded, or so it seemed then. The early settlers had become accustomed to roomy quarters and would rather move than have a neighbor near enough to see what went on in the back yard.

The families were large. The number of children in each family compared favorably with the entire number today in a small village. As with honey-bees, frequent swarmings were necessary.

And from many parts of Europe, the poor people greatly aroused by the stories of "wonderful America" that came to them, tried in every way to get to The Land of Boundless Opportunity.

With only the fringe of the country occupied, the United States began to march. The people crowded north to fill up the corners of the New England states. They spilled over the crest of the Alleghenies into the lap of the great Middlewest. All along the mountain-ranges it happened. The moving-wagons streamed into western New York and Pennsylvania. The Carolinas, Maryland, Virginia, all of them contributed to the great parade.

We watch the stream of families floating down the Ohio River, many of them stopping along the way to stake their claims and build their cabins, while others floated farther down. So Ohio was settled and became a state, and then Kentucky and then Indiana; and the territory remaining was called the Illinois Territory. This included our present state, and also the states of Michigan, Wisconsin, some of Minnesota, and probably would have extended to the North Pole if anyone had asked for the northern boundary.

Because the Ohio river downstream, was the easy way to travel, it came to pass that southern Illinois was settled quite thickly while the central and northern parts of the territory had no settlers. This was the situation when the people sought statehood. There had to be a population of 40,000 to have this privilege granted. Therefore the best counters were sent out and they reported a population of 45,000. Fortunately the count was not checked and Illinois was admitted into statehood in 1818.

Many of the first settlers, for whatever reason, tried living in Tennessee or Kentucky before coming to Illinois. One cannot study those early movements without being impressed by this. He is often tempted to say that Illinois was settled by Kentuckians.

From south to north, the people very definitely settled our state. And so it came to pass that

the southern part of the state was well populated while the northern part was a wilderness. And the capitals of Illinois as a territory or state, followed the same rule. At first, it was Kaskaskia, then later, Vandalia, and then Springfield.

And now in 1825 seven years have passed since Illinois became a state. The settlers have pushed farther and farther north. A very few families have gotten as far as Fort Clark, built on the site of Fort Creve Coeur, or Fort Broken Heart, built by La Salle in 1680, the name giving expression to his bitter experience; the fort later being the site of Peoria. One family has gone a little farther up the Illinois river to found the future city of Ottawa.

But in 1825, Northern Illinois was still a wilderness. If you will put a ruler on the present map of Illinois, from Peoria to Chicago, and then from Peoria to Galena, in that great area no white man lived, except a few at each end of the ruler. Fort Dearborn had little if any attraction for anybody. But La Pointe or the Fever River Settlement was the magnet pulling strongly on adventurous souls. It was the key to the settling of Northern Illinois.

Let us turn our attention there for a moment. The explorer Hennepin has been named before in this writing. In 1887 he shoved his boat up the Mississippi river as far as the present site of Dubuque and found in that region, a few In-

dians mining lead, and so marked it on a map still in existence.

Now lead was what the world wanted, Illinois wanted, for nearly all of the settlers carried guns and needed ammunition. For many years French traders went to the lead-mine region and bartered with the Indians for the lead, but there was never enough to satisfy the demand. When Illinois became a state, while some more lead was being mined by the few Indians and a few squalid whites who managed to win the good graces of the Indians, the clamor for more lead increased.

There at La Pointe was the lead, and between Fort Clark and the lead-mines was a great expanse of magnificent forests and fertile prairies. What was needed was a wagon-road between the two terminals. It was this double appeal the clamor for lead and the desire for homes with more roomy surroundings, by the people east of the Alleghenies, that brought Oliver W. Kellogg from the south to Fort Clark this early Spring day in 1825.

It is about this man Kellogg and some men who worked with him not only to establish this road but other roads to different points in Northern Illinois which led to the exploiting of the lead-mine regions and the settlement of much of Northern Illinois that we write. If this book is worth while, it is this second part that gives it its value.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

SECTION B

(This is the more important part of this book)

ENTITLED

The Kellogg Trail—Crane's Grove—and Abe Lincoln

EARLY HISTORY

A. INTRODUCTION

There are two reasons that impel me to write on such a theme as this. One is that this chapter of Illinois history, one of the earliest and most important, was never very well known because news was not as easily broadcasted then as now. A hundred years and more have passed since those outstanding events. They have become more and more blurred, and some of them have entirely faded out and are lost forever. Before these events have faded any more, they should be preserved so far as possible and restored if it can be.

It is a fascinating story that needs preserving that the younger generation for their own sakes may know the heroic achievements of their forebears. Every boy and girl in Northern Illinois should be helped to rediscover The Kellogg Trail, should be helped to make the period from 1825 to 1835 the most indelible of all of "its wondrous story"; for during those years, the foundations were laid for all that has followed or will follow.

During those years the roads were laid out to the farthest boundaries of the state: north, west, east, and south to meet the immigration wave at Fort Clark which had come from the southern tip of the state. And those roads were the open invitation to the people living in the states along the Atlantic seaboard or the Gulf

of Mexico or nearer, to come here and build their cabins and establish their homes, to help make this, our Illinois, the greatest state in the nation.

The other reason is that my people touched hands with those very earliest settlers, that I grew up along The Kellogg Trail (where I am now living), played in the ruins of the first buildings, walked along the deep furrows made by the wagons of the rugged lead-miners, and listened to the tales of their deeds. The acres of my little pasture have never been plowed. The original prairie sod over which the buffalo roamed and the Indians chased them in mad pursuit, is an unbroken chain connecting these forerunners of the first white settlers with the present owner.

Some forty years ago and over a period of several years, I read especially the early county histories of Northern Illinois, published in the seventies and eighties, giving information furnished by the children of the earliest settlers.

Indeed one of those histories was published in 1837 (printed in Philadelphia for there were no printing presses here) describing "Oregon City" with perhaps less than a dozen houses, and what was more interesting, telling of two saw-mills on Pine Creek, a few miles west of Oregon, sawing PINE lumber from the NATIVE timber and advertising it for sale at $22.00 per thousand feet. Those who would

have us believe that the remnant of the pine forest in White Pine States Park is a modern creation might well read this history.

I searched the histories and other available material in the Chicago public libraries, and read the preserved volumes of some of the oldest newspapers in this region, going back to the beginning years; finding now and again a long obituary of one of those first comers with interesting bits of news that added something to the composite picture. In such ways I rebuilt the history of those first thrilling years. Then more immediate duties forced me to put these matters aside.

Now it becomes possible to get out the old material, to scan the new, and wish many, many times that I could go back sixty years or more, and capture many widely-scattered pages of that history, now probably forever lost.

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
And make me a boy again, just for tonight."

While I am eager to get to the telling of the story, time will be saved and a clearer understanding given, if there are certain explanations made before we go further.

The first is that we are dealing constantly with a number of so-called trails that should not be called trails at all, but wagon-roads. These will be the Kellogg trail, the Lewiston

trail, Crane's trail, Chambers' trail, Phelps' trail and the Crane-Phelps trail, or the Crane's Grove-Fort Dearborn trail. We will honor their old names by continuing to call them trails; but wish to make it clear that they belonged to an entirely different class; they were wagon-roads.

For many scores of years, the territory that became the state of Illinois in 1818, was a land of trails. The herds of "buffalo" that lived here had certain paths leading from one grazing ground to another, and these were called trails. The Indians made paths from one hunting ground to another, along which they walked or rode their ponies, and these were called trails. French traders and missionaries went from one Indian camp to another by water in canoes or overland with ponies, and these were called trails. Hunters or adventurers made expeditions hither and yon, and these too were trails. All of them were more or less desultory or casual or shifting.

The trails of our group were entirely different. They had two very definite goals or purposes. The lead-mine region now marked by Galena and Dubuque, was the North Star toward which all of them moved. And the secondary purpose was to help would-be settlers get to coveted locations for the establishment of homes. They could not follow the normal trails for they would mire in the mud. They had to

keep on the hills and ridges and away from the rivers.

Edward L. Burchard, author of a pamphlet entitled "Early Trails and Tides of Travel in the Lead-mine and Blackhawk Country," quotes a Mrs. John Kinzie who was making a trip on horseback from Portage, Wisconsin, to Fort Dearborn in 1831, as telling of following the Kellogg trail from Buffalo Grove to Dixon's Ferry, and giving her impression of it in the following language: "It is * * * a narrow path deeply indented by the hoofs of the horses, on which the Indians travel single file * * * it is difficult sometimes to distinguish it at the distance of a few rods." One thing is sure, if that is an accurate description of what Mrs. Kinzie saw she did not see the Kellogg trail which had been laid out in 1825. During those six or seven years, literally thousands of wagons, many of them heavily loaded with lead, had travelled over that road. Long before her trip, the Kellogg trail would have been worn deeply into the prairie soil; not a single-file Indian trail but a broad wagon-road.

In comparing the county histories and other histories and miscellaneous material, a person will find many discrepancies. But patient research will clear up most of these, and show which is right. If any person is interested enough to read my story and then compare it with various histories, he will find disagree-

ments. I can only ask for not too hasty judgment. I am not suggesting that this writing is free from errors, but I do think that most of these statements will be substantiated. Some of these corrected inaccuracies will be pointed out as we go along.

There are many disagreements too about the spellings of proper names. Of course there is nothing unusual about that. Most communities have examples of where the different members of a family group spell their family-name in two or three different ways. One of the prominent characters in our "Development Company" is Thomas Crane. The Crane family was an old English family that settled in this country in 1645.

Our branch of the family later on settled in Georgia, then moved to Kentucky, and still later to Randolph county, Illinois. Among them, the name was spelled in three different ways, Crane, Craine and Crain. But one of the Stephenson county histories uses the three spellings for the same man, the one we are talking about. That he preferred the spelling Crane is evident from the spellings his neighbors gave to local features: Crane's cabin; Crane's Grove; Crane's creek; Crane's Grove school and Crane's Grove cemetery. And Tom Crane's sister, Mrs. Amelia Crane Garner of Cherry Grove gave that spelling Crane to the reporter for one of the Carroll county histories.

B. THE HISTORY OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

In the early spring of 1825, a man named Oliver W. Kellogg refusing longer to listen to a voice behind him saying, "There's no sense in going further—it's the edge of cultivation," stood at the northern border of Fort Clark, facing the great wilderness stretching to the state of Wisconsin and gazing fixedly at a tiny oasis of human life in the very northwestern corner of the state, named the Fever River Settlement or La Pointe, proceeded to assemble his scanty baggage with the determination to blaze a trail through that wilderness.

His making of that trail or rather the charting of a wagon-road; and with companions, his influence during the succeeding years upon the settlement of Northern Illinois is a chapter that is rapidly fading from the memory of the past generation and has no place in the knowledge of the present one. Yet here is one of the most fascinating and important chapters in the history of our great state.

What Kellogg's achievement meant to Northern Illinois may be compared to that of Columbus crossing the Atlantic Ocean to discover the western continent. After that eventful journey in 1492, many travelers sailed the same waters, zigzagging in many directions and reaching America in different places; but Columbus remained the discoverer, the one who pointed the

way to this great continent. So it was with the broad expanse of northern Illinois. In the years that followed Kellogg's deed, many roads were laid out and many offshoots penetrated new regions but the name of Kellogg endures as the one who blazed the trail that opened to settlement the broad stretch of land from the lead-diggings in the La Pointe region on the banks of the Mississippi river entirely across the state to the tiny Fort Dearborn on the western shore of Lake Michigan. And in addition to the surveying and developing of the route, Kellogg and his companions did much to help the immigrants as they journeyed or sought places along the way for the staking of their claims.

I am trying to recapture and make plain this "fascinating chapter," this "achievement" by Oliver W. Kellogg and his comrades.

Mrs. Carpenter has paraphrased a portion of a song much used during World War I, to express my purpose:

"There's a long, long trail a-winding,
From out the land of my dreams,
Where the forest-trees are beckoning
Along the sparkling streams.

'Twas a long, long way from the eastern sea
To the land of the westering sun;
But the pioneers' hearts were stout and brave
All the way 'til their journey was done,

'Twas a long, long time from then until now,
When the pioneers' dreams have come true;
And I'm bringing the story of that long, long trail
From out of the past to you."

Kellogg's equipment was simple. For such an undertaking, baggage had to be reduced to a minimum: a horse and light wagon, a small quantity of essential food, hunting and fishing outfits for he had to subsist largely upon what he could obtain along the way, a compass to steer by, a hatchet to blaze trees and prepare wood for fires, perhaps a blanket: that was enough and he started up the Illinois river. It may be more interesting if you have a map before you on which to follow the journey he made.

Leaving Fort Clark, he went along a well-beaten Indian trail up the west side of the river about as far as the present site of La Salle. You will see by the map that he was veering a little to the east, thus going somewhat out of his way; but there were several advantages. The Illinois river was certain to be a prominent factor in the settling of that part of the state, and a wagon-road within reach would often render good service. Again he was following a good path so that no blazing was required and he was not delayed by needing to spend time finding fording places or how to avoid marshes. From

the present site of La Salle, he travelled due north until he came to about the present site of Mendota. This part of the trail bearing about due north from Fort Clark to the present site of Mendota may be called the first leg of his journey.

Now lay your ruler on a modern map from Mendota to Polo or set your compass about northwest, to pass through Amboy, Sublette, Dixon, Woosung and a mile west of Polo, and you will mark the second leg of his journey. Just beyond Polo there was a grove, later named Buffalo Grove because of a large pile of buffalo skeletons where seemingly a herd of these animals had been caught in a blizzard and frozen to death. Buffalo Grove is very prominent in this future history.

Now lay your ruler from Polo to Baileyville and a mile further north and you will chart the third leg of Kellogg's journey, the trail running almost due north. This part of the road started in Buffalo Grove, and ended in Crane's Grove, five miles south of Freeport. A conspicuous hill in the southern part of the grove which I call Kellogg's Lookout must have been the landmark that for miles before he reached it, he steered by, to keep on the high ground. And from the top of that hill one can look for miles and miles across the timbered land where now Van Brocklin, Pearl City and the Black Hawk monument in Kellogg's Grove

are situated. I have no doubt that from this hill-top Kellogg mapped the next part of his route, running far west by a little northwest. If you will lay your ruler from a point a mile north of Baileyville to Kent, you will mark the fourth leg of his journey. After working out his plan and getting his bearings, he went a little farther into the heart of the grove to the bank of Crane's Creek where two beautiful springs broke from the foot of the bluff. I like to think that Kellogg made his camp here, caught a mess of fish for his supper and spread his blankets on the ground where two years later he and Crane made their plans, and where four years later, Crane built his home. Anyhow, the trail from this point turned rather sharply to the west (it is still visible) and as above indicated, keeping south of the Yellow Creek bottom-lands, continued on to a large grove destined to be named after the trail-blazer and be the center of the fighting in the Black Hawk War, Kellogg's Grove about a mile east of Kent.

Now lay your ruler from Kent almost due north to Warren, near the Wisconsin line and you will chart the fifth leg of the journey.

From Warren the trail turned sharply to the west for the sixth and final part of the journey, and entered the lead-mine diggings. Kellogg followed along from one lead-mine to another, going through the Apple River diggings, Scales

Mound, and then angling a little south through Council Hill into Galena. He had arrived at "the end of the trail," had laid out a passable road connecting Fort Clark and the settled part of the state with the coveted treasures of the lead-mine region beyond the wilderness. See page 117 for map of The Kellogg Trail.

The effect upon the country was electric even though transportation and mail-service were slow. Within a very few weeks the word had travelled down the Mississippi river and was soon spreading inland into Illinois and Kentucky and beyond. Immediately a procession started nothward up the trail. Men were streaming afoot, on horseback, in wagons drawn by oxen or horses. Some were adventurers, others were traders or hunters or men seeking the ore "more precious than fine gold," or planning "a home in the wilderness." And this continued until winter set in, making travel impossible.

The next spring (1826) before the ice had gone out of Rock River, 200 wagons were waiting on the south bank of the river to be ferried across by the Indians. The crossing was interesting. Two canoes were placed side by side with the right wheels of the wagon in one canoe, the left in the other. While the Indians ferried the wagon across, the horses were forced to swim. Then the wagons creaked on toward the Fever River Settlement. We

wish that we might know the number of wagons passing over the trail each year; but there were hundreds of them.

Today, nearly 125 years after Kellogg made his momentous journey, the deep ruts worn by these wagons are still plainly visible, not far from where I am writing these words. The increasing number of wagons is clearly indicated by the increased output of lead. The tonnage output figures are from government records. From 1800 to 1822 because of increased travel on the Mississippi river the output had grown considerably to 170 tons a year, all being carried down in boats or barges. In 1827, two years after the trail was charted, the output was 2500 tons, nearly 15 times as much. And in 1829, four years after the trail was in use, the output was 6700 tons, nearly forty times as much. A man with a wagon normally made one trip a year. This increase continued during the years ahead; and Kellogg and his companions had much to do with it.

Kellogg probably returned south the same year to spend the time until 1827, "selling" the project of developing northern Illinois to some of his friends, five of whom enter very prominently into this picture.

I am going to represent that group of six men as "The Northern Illinois Development Company." There was no such name, no organization, and they may not have had any formal con-

tracts; but there is no question as to there having been the closest cooperation and planning together in many undertakings. Let me give a brief account then of these six men. All of them came from southern Illinois, and before that from Kentucky. And some of them at least, came from Tennessee or even Georgia; and back of that, the families were English who years before had come across the Atlantic, landing in Virginia or Maryland or North Carolina, to help establish America.

The six most prominent figures in the development of northern Illinois were Kellogg, Crane and Chambers, the first three and Dixon, Phelps and Hitt, who entered "The Northwestern Development Company" a little later. Kellogg had brought his family into southern Illinois from farther south when he blazed the trail.

Two years later, in 1827, four of the men, Kellogg, Chambers, Crane and Phelps went to Galena. John Phelps went up the Mississippi River on a boat. The other three went up the Kellogg Trail. Isaac Chambers took his family with him and spent the following two years in Galena, running a store and mining. John Phelps also stayed on in Galena. Kellogg and Crane returned south that year. But some important plans had been made in the meantime as will appear later. Before telling of these, let us dispose of "The Disgraceful Winnebago War."

Prior to 1827, there was considerable bad feeling between the miners and the Winnebago Indians. The Indians owned this mining region, but the miners paid little attention to their rights. They were never properly paid for their rights or their interests safeguarded. Is it always this way between the stronger and the weaker? Not only were treaties unfair but they were ignored and often violated. Miners finding rich leads of ore on the Indians' land, would move there in spite of the warnings from the white superintendents who should have made their warnings insistent enough to bring obedience. The trespassers assumed that the Indians had no rights which a white man was bound to respect.

Some time in the early part of 1827, two keelboats used to transport supplies to Fort Snelling, passed up the Mississippi river and camped a little above Prairie du Chien with a large camp of Winnebago Indians.

As to what followed I quote from Reynolds: "The boatmen made the Indians drunk—and no doubt were so themselves—when they captured six or seven squaws, who were also drunk. These captured squaws were forced on the boats for corrupt and brutal purposes. But not satisfied with this outrage on female virtue, the boatmen took the squaws with them in the boats to Fort Snelling."

When the Indians had recovered from the

drunken debauch the White men had been responsible for, and realized how their wives had been mistreated, they were furious and resolved to be revenged. If they had not been they would not be entitled to a particle of respect.

That the boat-crew realized that they deserved to be punished, is indicated by the fact that for the return trip, they armed themselves and also tried to run by the Indian village in the night. But the Indians burning with revenge were not to be outwitted.

They did however permit the boat containing the men not guilty of the offence, to pass by unmolested. But when the boat containing the guilty men, came by, the Indians in ambush fired on them and attacked them.

The boat finally succeeded in getting away, but several of the crewmen were killed.

The incident served both to inflame the Indians in the entire region, and also to alarm the Whites. The Indians threatened some families but did not injure them. Many of the Whites rushed to Galena for protection and started the building of stockades.

Troops were rushed into the territory affected, and a large body of volunteers was enlisted from the lead-mine region. The Winnebagoes were always a peaceable tribe in relation to other Indian tribes or white men. And in this instance, they planned no defence, they offered no resistance. The leaders of the attack on the

boat, were surrendered and they were "properly punished," the papers say; but they say wrongly. The men who should have been punished, received no sentence, and the opportunity to show the Indians that the white men could be fair, was not improved.

Red Wing, the chief of the Indians who did the attacking, was imprisoned at Prairie du Chien to be held as a hostage so as to insure good behavior on the part of the Indians, "but his proud spirit was so broken by the confinement which he felt was unjust that he soon died."

Perhaps this blot would best be forgotten as quickly as possible, but a pertinent question haunts my mind and I have not been able to find an answer.

Just before starting to tell of this Indian trouble, I mentioned that four men in whom we are interested, had gone to Galena. These were Kellogg, Crane, Chambers and Phelps. Chambers had taken his family and may not have shared in the affair. When the appeal was made to the men in the lead-mine region to enlist to help put down the Winnebago Indians, and several hundred men answered the call, I have the feeling that Kellogg and Crane and Phelps would have responded. Possibly somewhere is an answer to that question.

Having disposed of this flurry, we return to our main concern. This year of 1827 was important for another reason: it marked the begin-

ning of rural mail-delivery in northern Illinois. A man named Clemson obtained a contract from the government to carry mail from Fort Clark to La Pointe. The next year, 1828, this contract was taken over by John Dixon who was Kellogg's brother-in-law. He or his son drove a hack, or small stage, and a trip was supposed to be made once a week. At this time Dixon made his residence in Fort Clark. There was continuous mail-service from this time on. One of the Stephenson county histories, published in 1880 by the Western Historical Society of Chicago, says that "the first mail delivered in the county was during the spring of 1836" when Thomas Crane received letters from the Frink stages, and carried them on foot, etc. But this territory had been having mail-service for seven years before this, with a short interruption during the Black Hawk war. Of course there was nobody in the vicinity of where Freeport was located to receive mail until 1836. William Baker, founder of Freeport did get his claim staked, about ten days before 1836 arrived but perhaps the snow was so deep that he did not take the trouble to walk out to Crane's Grove station, and notify the proprietor that he had arrived. William Baker's son, Fred, however learned the way to Crane's cabin. Sometime during the year of 1836 when Baker was building his cabin, he broke his augur, and sent Fred on the six-mile walk to Crane's Grove to borrow

one. When he arrived, the history forgets to say whether he forgot what he went for. But he met Clarinda, one of the Crane girls, and he did not forget the way back. The trail he made to Crane's Grove culminated in a marriage at the Crane home, perhaps the first wedding in Stephenson county.

An interesting thing about what seems like the very primitive mail-service of those years, is that now in 1948, the Kellogg territory has returned to the primitive method of mail-transportation of a hundred years ago. After the Illinois Central railroad was built from Freeport south in 1853 to 1855, the mail coach on the passenger train supplanted the horse and coach; and so it continued for more than 75 years. But a few years ago, the old method was restored. In about 1940, the old system returned, and today, the Freeport business-houses send their letters and packages down the old Kellogg trail in a coach, with gas-power instead of horsepower.

From 1825-1829, the travel along the trail had been heavy, but no building had been done. The year 1829 sees the first concerted plan by this group of men. Let us locate them as we come up the trail from the south. Where we cross Rock river, the crossing is still known as Ogee's Ferry, but we will hear from John Dixon in a year. Coming on northwest to Buffalo Grove we meet Isaac Chambers who has brought his

family back from Galena, and is building his tavern in the angle where the trail bends sharply northward. Following on up the north leg of the trail, to the next angle, we find Thomas Crane building his cabin in the grove, henceforth to be called Crane's Grove. Going on to the next angle where it turns north again (the site of the Black Hawk monument) Oliver W. Kellogg is putting up his buildings in a grove, henceforth to be called Kellogg's Grove.

There are two places along the way calling for explanations. I am giving the date when Kellogg built his home as 1829. Some of the histories give the date as 1827, and that may be right. But I think 1829 is right. When the men came back from the south in 1827, already described, the three men picked out these three strategic corners for their taverns, and then did the building the second summer after. It is probable that all of them staked their claims in 1827. It may be that Kellogg started his building operations in 1827 and completed the work in 1829. I am quite sure that he brought his family from the south in 1829.

The other explanation deals with the Buffalo Grove situation. There were two cabins now in what was afterwards called Stephenson county, Kellogg's and Crane's, and two in what was afterwards called Ogle county, Chambers' and that of John Ankeney. This last is a new name to us. Crane and Ankeney were rivals uninten-

tionally. Both of them staked the same claim, each not knowing what the other did. The stories are conflicting but one started to build and the other returned, and there was a quarrel that was taken into the courts; however both went ahead with building operations, having their taverns on Buffalo Creek, about a hundred rods apart. Their rivalry was so bitter that they laid out parallel trails from Ogee's Ferry and on north to come back into the Kellogg trail. So that at this time there were four distinct trails through this stretch of territory. The real one, the Kellogg trail, that really includes the other three, the two by the Buffalo Grove men, Chambers and Ankeney seeking to divert travel to their taverns, and another by a man named Boles to take traffic across the river at a better fording-place. Kellogg originally crossed Rock river a few miles upstream, and that trail I think, passed through the present Walgreen estate on the northwest bank of Rock river. But these were minor variations. The Kellogg trail was THE TRAIL from Peoria to Galena, or Fort Clark and La Pointe as they were called during the first years. Peoria was incorporated as a town in 1835 and chartered as a city in 1845. Galena was laid out in 1826 and incorporated in 1835. It was named from the lead ore (sulphite of lead) that was mined there. Chicago was incorporated as a village in 1833, and became a city in 1837. John Phelps, one of the

members of our Northern Illinois Development Company, also comes back into the picture in 1829. He had gone to La Pointe in 1827 and I think stayed there until 1829. It was autumn and the three cabins on the trail were built and occupied. In one of several interesting letters of his that are in print, he tells about coming down from Galena in the autumn of 1829, and spending two or three days with Tom Crane, hunting in Crane's Grove. I am sure that they did not spend all of the time hunting, for Phelps and Crane are the men entitled to the honor of bringing the road across the state from Savannah to Fort Dearborn with Crane's Grove as the intersection with the Kellogg trail. And we may also be sure that he visited with both Kellogg and Chambers and that they dreamed together about the coming greatness of this part of our state.

The following year, 1830, John Dixon entered more definitely into the picture. In May of that year he succeeded in buying the Rock river ferry. Until 1828 there had been no ferry. Much of the time the river could be crossed without any aid, but the spring floods or heavy rains made the river impassable. Then the Indians as already described helped the travelers across the river. It was a good source of income for the Indians and they refused to let white men build a ferry. One that was partly built was burned by the Indians. But in 1828, a

man named Ogee (pronounced O-zha) who was either a Frenchman or halfbreed French and Indian, and who had an Indian wife, was permitted to build a ferry. I surmise that if Dixon could have bought it in 1829 he would have done it, and the Kellogg trail would have been manned according to schedule. Not succeeding, he kept his family in Fort Clark until the next year when he bought the ferry and moved his family. From that time on, the river crossing was known as Dixon's Ferry.

With John Dixon and Isaac Chambers and Thomas Crane and Oliver Kellogg occupying the four strategic positions, it must be apparent that the road from Fort Clark to La Pointe was quite largely dominated by this group of men.

During the early summer of 1831, the first voting precinct to be established in what is now Ogle county and at least the southern part of Stephenson county (all still a part of Jo Daviess county) was set up by the county commissioners.

The voting place was Ankeney's cabin in Buffalo Grove and the voting precinct was called the Buffalo Grove Voting Precinct. The judges of the election were John Dixon, Isaac Chambers and John Ankeney. The voting precinct ran south to the southern boundary of Jo Daviess county, and far enough north "to include the dwelling of Crane." It extended west to the Lewiston trail with no eastern boundary given,

probably because nobody lived that way.

(P. 269. Jett's History of Ogle county. Published in 1878)

For two years from the building of these homes, practically no change took place, but in the year 1831, there was a series of changes that were of great significance.

In 1828, another trail was laid out to the lead-mines. A modern Illinois map showing the highways numbered, routes Highway No. 78, from the neighborhood of Lewiston, almost directly north to cross the Wisconsin state line near our village of Warren in Jo Daviess County. Lewiston is northwest of Springfield, and is in Fulton County. It is west of the Illinois river.

From Lewiston north to about the present southern boundary of Jo Daviess County, this trail followed the general course of Route 78, crossing the Mississippi river in the neighborhood of where now Prophetstown is located. When it reached the present Jo Daviess County, it veered sharply northwest to the present village of Elizabeth, and then north into the lead-mine region.

Whiteside and Carroll counties did not settle as quickly as the counties to the east of them, and it is more difficult to locate the trail; but it seems to have made quite a bend to the east, perhaps to dodge the rough territory in the Mt. Carroll area.

If you are checking on your map, you will

realize that this trail was considerably shorter than the Kellogg trail which ran east of and parallel to the lead-mine region and on beyond it; then swinging west and southwest into the heart of it. And also the Lewiston trail tapped quite a different section of the lead-mine region. The surprising thing is that settlers did not quickly build along this new road.

But the year 1831 brought some significant changes. A three-cornered move was made which radically affected the situation. The triumvirate, Kellogg, Crane and Chambers were the parties involved. O. W. Kellogg sold his property in Kellogg's Grove, and going down the trail to Buffalo Grove, bought out Isaac Chambers and continued serving the travelling public as he had been doing farther up the trail. He was now living within much closer range of his brother-in-law, John Dixon, and he had a larger field for his activities. Buffalo Grove, Oldtown and Polo, three names for the same community consisting of three settlements, owe much to this man. But there was another, more immediate problem being worked out by these men.

After Chambers sold out to Kellogg, he moved northwest several miles, toward the Lewiston trail, and built a tavern in another grove which was then called Chambers' Grove and is still called by that name. He then carried this wagon-road farther on to intersect the Lewiston trail. We will call this short road, Chambers' trail.

And Thomas Crane, without giving up his Crane's Grove property, ran a road southwest to intersect the Lewistown trail where it skirted a grove which he called Cherry Grove since one grove already bore his name. He kept his Crane's Grove tavern in action, but built another tavern in Cherry Grove at the intersection with the Lewiston trail. The roads made by Chambers and Crane met at this tavern. Let us call this last wagon-road, Crane's trail.

In 1828, three or four families had come down the river from Galena, and built so-called cabins on the river-bank where Savanna now is. Excepting this group, Crane was the first settler in Carroll county according to its histories.

From this point, Crane or perhaps the three men, Crane, Chambers and Kellogg, continued the road on southwest to Savanna, so that this trail ran from his cabin in Crane's Grove to Savanna. We are calling this Crane's trail. This will be a good place to clear up two mistakes in two of the county histories. A Stephenson county history says that Crane came from the south to Carroll county in 1829. A Carroll county history says that he came from the south to Carroll county in 1831. Of course there was no Carroll county at that time, but assuming that there was, each was half right and half wrong. He came from the south in 1929 (Carroll county history wrong about date) to build his home but not to what is now Carroll county; he came

to the grove then named Crane's Grove. And he went to Cherry Grove, not in 1829 (Stephenson county history is wrong) but in 1831. He went to Cherry Grove in 1831 not to build a home but to build a tavern and establish a settlement.

If you have followed these trails on the map or in your mind, you must realize how strategically they were placed. The three men now dominated both of the roads leading to the lead-mine region. The short roads were a great convenience to many travelers. If a man came up the trail to Buffalo Grove, and wished to enter the south part of the lead-region, he would take the Chambers' trail across the Cherry Grove and on north on the Lewiston trail. If he wanted to go to Savannah, he could take Chambers' trail to Cherry Grove, and Crane's trail on to Savanna. And these are only examples of many possibilities.

These stopping-places were of great value to the travellers. They were usually called taverns but they were not taverns as known today—degenerated saloons. They were not extensive enough to be called hotels, but that might be the best designation. Crane's tavern has been a landmark to me from earliest boyhood. The cabin or home or tavern or hotel stretched east and west along the lip of a modest bluff at the foot of which one of the two springs broke forth and flowed into Crane's Creek, a few yards

away. Limestone bluffs or hills covering beds of limestone which furnished abundant material for buildings, later on, formed the valley along which the creek flowed. The cabin was quite long as still evidenced by the remains of the cellar at the west end and of a big cistern at the east end. Paralleling it was a long stable furnishing room for stage-horses as the two lines of stages from Fort Clark to La Pointe and later from Chicago to Savanna passed through here. The rotting walls of the stable still remained during my boyhood days, while the stone wall on which the logs rested stood for many years, until recent times. The present owner of the farm, Richard Seuring, within the last 25 years tore it down and used the stones to fill the old cistern, that being a hazard to the cattle.

The remains of a small blacksmith shop are not far away but now on a different farm. When the present owner of the land where it stood was a young man of perhaps 18 years of age (his father owning the land at that time) he and his brother did considerable digging among the ruins as the local tradition was that a miner had buried $10,000 in the neighborhood of the shop, he being afraid to take the money into the lead-mine country because of the numerous tough characters there. The boys did not find the money but they did find some long-buried tools which are now in my museum.

These stations along the way were quite indispensable. Some traveller might be sick and needing a few days of rest to recuperate. Here was a resting-place and extra bed for emergency cases. If somebody's food-supplies were exhausted, here was a chance to replenish the supply. If a wagon had broken down or was in need of repairs, here was the opportunity to get it in shape for the journey ahead. It was a good place to relax, to talk with other travellers, and get information from the owners of these taverns. Kellogg, Crane, Chambers and Dixon were the daily newspapers of that age. These men knew the country for miles around; knew where groves or prairies could be found; where settlers had recently staked claims, and perhaps laid out villages to be, and what was of very great importance, knew where there were springs. It is difficult for us to realize, with our modern methods of getting our water-supply, how our forefathers were so greatly dependent upon springs. Nearly every cabin would be built near one. As late as the early eighties that remained true. I am living at the southern edge of Crane's Grove. A tiny bit of it forms the northern border of my property. This village of Baileyville was called Crane's Grove until shortly before the Civil war when most of the homeowners had built on the adjoining prairie. But even then most of the farmers built their homes where there was a spring. To the east of us there

is an extensive prairie. About 1880, a creamery was built near our home, and much of the cream used came from these prairie-farms. Occasionally I, a small boy, was permitted to make a trip with one of the cream-haulers. The trip consisted of driving from farm to farm and going to the spring-houses for the cream. They were built over springs which furnished the cold water for the cooling of the milk. Now with the modern methods of farming, nearly every one of these springs has ceased to flow and the creeks have become correspondingly smaller. But those early station-keepers were asked that vital question over and over, "Where is there a spring?"

It seemed during these years of 1831-1832 that the Kellogg territory would be speedily settled, but the Black Hawk war brought sharp interruption. Interested readers can refresh their memories about it by consulting any one of numerous histories. Let me limit my consideration of it quite closely to that part of it associated with the Kellogg trail.

For generations, this territory had been the hunting and fishing grounds of the Indian tribes known as the Sacs and Foxes. They were now under the leadership of a strong, capable man, Chief Black Hawk. Some years before this date, the government had removed the Indians from Illinois to Iowa. But the Indians were restless, homesick for the groves and waters of the Rock

River valley. Some time in 1831, they had re-crossed the Mississippi river in the neighborhood of Rock Island, and in the spring of 1832, all of them, men, women and children, with their baggage had started up the Rock River valley. When they had reached the neighborhood of where Byron is now located (since then as Stillman's Run and where a progressive village, Sillman Valley, is located), a body of soldiers taking too much whiskey with them, started in pursuit.

Black Hawk sent several of his men back with a flag of truce, for a conference. The soldiers welcomed that WHITE flag with a volley which killed several of the Indians and the war was on. (I quote from Jett's History of Ogle County) "Stillman's drunken soldiers fired on his flag of truce. * * * All accounts concur that the men were drunk and that the white flag displayed by Black Hawk was fired upon in utter disregard of all rules of warfare. * * * The whites had commenced the work of murder." If the whiskey had been eliminated, it could easily be that the war would have been avoided.

While Black Hawk with some of the men and all of the women and children went on up the river valley, many of the warriors worked up and down the Kellogg trail. There was no road along the river so that settlers and soldiers alike would be found along the short cut from Dixon to the Wisconsin state line. The Indians were

looking for white men to kill.

One of the first men to be killed was with the mail-carier whose name was Winters, he having succeeded Dixon. The mail-carrier had gone up the trail to La Pointe under threatening conditions. For his return trip, the officer in command at Galena, furnished an escort of six soldiers. One of these men named William Durley had been a miner between Elizabeth and Galena but had volunteered in the state militia. Without interruption, the little band came through Kellogg's Grove and Crane's Grove and was nearing the Buffalo Grove station when some Indians in ambush fired into the party and killed Durley. The remainder of the party fled for their lives and reached Dixon's Ferry where troops were stationed, without further mishap.

Shortly after this, a small body of soldiers with the Indian agent, St. Vrain, went up the trail toward Galena. It was thought that the agent might settle the difficulty. They found Durley's body where it had fallen in the woods and buried it there within a few feet of the Kellogg trail. Today a large boulder with suitable inscription marks the grave, and during the past forty years, it has been my privilege several times to place wreaths upon it. The burial party proceeding up the trail had gone through Crane's Grove and was nearing the Kellogg stockade when it ran into an ambush. The Indian agent and several of the soldiers were

killed. They are buried with others who were killed later, around the Black Hawk monument, now marking the site.

Most of the soldiers were volunteers recruited especially for the Indian war. All of the three members of the triumvirate, Kellogg, Crane and Chambers were captains, and Captain Crane received "honorable mention" and a considerable tract of land in the Cherry Grove neighborhood, for the service he rendered during the war. Some of that distinction came because of his understanding of military technique. This sends us searching again through his past life for light. One incident which has come to light was the building of an "abatis" around his Cherry Grove property when rumors of the coming war were circulating. This was large enough not only to surround the buildings including a stockade, but also to enclose a good-sized garden. It offered protection and shelter during the war, and housed many incoming settlers in the years after peace had been restored. The records say that Crane must have had considerable help in building the "abatis." It is easily possible that the men of his company were the workers, and that this work was done as a protection to the west flank of the troop movements.

But where did Crane gain this knowledge of military technique? Here is a reasonable surmise. My story reveals the close friendship between John Phelps and Crane. We know posi-

tively that Phelps was a southerner who fought against the British in the War of 1812 in the New Orleans campaign. And Thomas Crane was a Georgian. My surmise is that Phelps and Crane fought together there and so became friends, and Crane gained the knowledge that later stood him in good stead.

Other chapters dealing with the war could be written about the men of the Kellogg territory, but let us look now at the greatest man of them all, Kentuckian and Illinoisian, Abraham Lincoln. He too was a captain in the volunteer troops, having been chosen by a company of men recruited in the neighborhood where he lived. They had marched upstate to Peoria and on to Rock river at Dixon's Ferry, now overpopulated by women and children brought in from dangerous settlements like Buffalo Grove. Crossing the river they had marched through Buffalo Grove by the fresh mound marking William Durley's grave. They had gone on north along the ridge within plain view of where I am sitting as I write these words. Perhaps they paused on Kellogg's Lookout while someone pointed out Kellogg's Grove across the wide, heavily-wooded valley. They had gone a little further to Crane's cabin, the family perhaps being at Dixon's Ferry. They may have stopped here to eat and camp for the night, water their horses (those who had them) at the creek, and then on, headed for the Kellogg stockade.

Shortly before they reached Kellogg's Grove, there had been a battle between the soldiers stationed there and the Indians; several soldiers had been killed and their bodies were still scattered around. Captain Lincoln and his men buried them, and it affected him profoundly. He wrote that he had never seen so grewsome a sight before. The dead bodies with the bloody, scalped heads. But let him tell it as he wrote at the time, where he and his men "rode up a little hill where the red light of the sun at daybreak flooded corpses": He said it was frightful, "each man with a round spot on the top of his head about as big as a dollar, where the redskins had taken his scalp * * * and the red sunlight seemed to paint everything all over."

This was Lincoln's closest contact with the Indians. He led his company on up the trail and over the state line into Wisconsin where his company was mustered out. His time of enlistment not having expired, he reenlisted as a private. But the war was soon over. His horse having been stolen at White Water, Wisconsin, he and a few of the other boys of New Salem, after they were mustered out, walked down the trail, down through Crane's Grove, with "long, long thoughts" perhaps, but surely not dreaming that after awhile he would come back this way for one of the most momentous experiences of his life.

When the little group reached Peoria, they

bought a canoe and paddled down the Illinois river to Havana, sold the canoe and tramped home to New Salem. Twice, Abe Lincoln had passed through Crane's Grove.

The Black Hawk war having speedily ended with an Indian slaughter of mostly children, women and old men, and the removal of the remainder back across the Mississippi river into Iowa, northern Illinois entered upon a boom period. Naturally the war had focussed the eyes of the nation upon this territory. The soldiers coming from far and wide wrote home, giving glowing accounts of these magnificent forests, and virgin prairies, and people poured into this region from many parts of the south and east.

The years 1835 and 1836 were banner-years, although the next ten or more years followed closely, in the rush of settlers and the founding of villages. To come to this period let us fill in the gap from Black Hawk's surrender in November of 1832.

The first swell of immigration was manifested on the Kellogg and Lewiston trails as multitudes of miners barred for a time by the war streamed back with an ever-increasing number of men or families looking for places to establish new homes. During the year 1835, Fort Clark abandoned its old name and incorporated as a town named Peoria. And Peoria became more like the hub of a wheel with spokes radiating northeast and northwest as well as north.

Dixon's Ferry was another busy place. In 1835, Dixon's Ferry was laid out as a town, and from this on, was called Dixon. The following is a quotation from the Encyclopedia Brittanica, under the heading, Dixon, "During the Black Hawk war, Jefferson Davis, Zachary Taylor and Abraham Lincoln were comrades in the old blockhouse or fort that stood near the northern end of the present bridge across the river." Taylor and Davis were officers with the United States troops.

Once on the north side of the river, beyond the blockhouse, the transients now seeking homes beheld beckoning hands from east and west as well as north.

Buffalo Grove was another busy place teeming with excitement. John Ankeney, a rival of the Kellogg trail group, was an aggressive, influential man, and did his full share in enticing families to locate in that neighborhood. Captain Oliver W. Kellogg stood like a giant at the Buffalo Grove crossroads, sending some up the Kellogg trail, others through Chambers' Grove, while others were persuaded to settle where they were. Oldtown, a thriving village, was the handiwork of this man of vision and faith. It was an offshoot of Buffalo Grove.

Captain Kellogg had much to do with the settlemen of a large area surrounding Buffalo Grove, and the southern part of what later was Carroll County. Buffalo Grove grew into Old-

town which later grew into Polo when the railroad was built. And to the west, Chambers Grove, Brookville, Eagle Point, Hazelhurst, Milledgeville, felt the impulse of this man. He was the postmaster for many years, ran a store, kept a hotel for a long time, and engaged in other enterprises. When the early Methodist preachers reached Oldtown, Kellogg gave them permission to conduct preaching services in the hotel, encouraged the meetings and was a charter member of the Oldtown Methodist Church, which later became the Polo Methodist Church which I served as pastor during the early years of this century.

Let me portray the early church-life of all denominations as I described it concretely in the 1906 Year Book, I prepared for the Polo Methodist Church.

"Polo Methodism seems to be the foster-mother of all religious work in this vicinity, having an unbroken history stretching back more than seventy years. The work was established by the Illinois Conference whose jurisdiction covered the entire state and all of the territory to the north and west. It was begun when there was no preaching from Rock Island to Galena, and between Rock River and the Mississippi River. It reaches back to a time when the preacher on horseback, with his parsonage and its furnishings in his saddlebags, covered a large stretch of territory, and held services

in many different places, his circuit extending over several weeks, to the time preceding the coming of the first settler to Freeport, to the time when there were no church-edifices, and the grove or tavern, or house or barn or schoolhouse were used for places of worship; to a time preceding theological schools, and preachers received their training (as my father did in medicine) by being sent out as a junior preacher (or doctor) under the guidance of an experienced man.

The first services were held in the tavern of Oliver W. Kellogg which stood in Buffalo Grove in the north end of Oldtown. Mrs. Martin F. Bassett (still an active member of our Polo church) remembers the services held in that tavern. (Mrs. Bassett was another of the open windows through which I looked upon the early Illinois history.) From the tavern in 1836, the services were transferred to the log cabin of a Methodist family named Wilcoxon, and perhaps in the Autumn of that year were again changed, this time to the schoolhouse where they were held uninterruptedly to the completion of the Oldtown church in 1850.

The membership of the church included families from such outlying points as Dixon and Pecatonica, and the Buffalo Grove preacher held preaching services in all of these outlying settlements. All hail! to those pioneer men of courage and brawn, of great heart and sturdy brain,

who laid so grandly the foundations of the church."

It is interesting to note that after a lapse of a century, the village of Oldtown has dropped this name that has no significance, and taken again the name of Buffalo Grove, a change that should be welcomed by every citizen of Illinois.

And Captain Thomas Crane, "a man of two homes," when in his real home in Crane's Grove, was sending would-be settlers on up the Kellogg trail, when over at Cherry Grove, which he was developing, was sending them on up toward Elizabeth or west to Savanna, or having them stay in the Cherry Grove Settlement, and so was sowing the seed for the future building of Mt. Carroll in the forties. But that was not all. When standing by his Crane's Grove Cabin, he was looking toward the east to that tiny village of Chicago, incorporated two years before, with no trail yet available in that direction, beckoning to them to come on west, and dreaming of a trail that should connect Chicago and Crane's Grove and run on west through Cherry Grove to Savanna, to Savanna "destined to become the metropolis of northern Illinois."

We must devote our attention now to the other two men of our Northern Illinois Development Company, John Phelps and Samuel M. Hitt. They did not enter into the picture as early as the four others, but they did have a prominent place, and they also illustrate how hundreds of

villages and towns of northern Illinois came into being.

The name of John Phelps already appears in this paper. He was born in Virginia in 1796. When he was a boy of fourteen, the family moved to Tennessee. When a boy of 16, in the war of 1812, he was fighting against the British in the New Orleans campaign, "enduring terrible hardships" as he somewhere says. I have already indicated my belief that he and Tom Crane were buddies in that campaign. Phelps seems to have been an unusually prolific writer for those times, and has left various letters and papers which give much valuable information. He went to La Pointe with Kellogg and Crane during the summer of 1827. Future developments seem to me to indicate that they were planning to work together during the years ahead. While the others went back south, Phelps stayed in La Pointe or Galena as it was now being called, running a store and mining.

During the spring of the year 1829, the three stations were built along the trail by Kellogg, Crane and Chambers. That autumn, John Phelps made a trip south, visiting these men on the way. Probably he went back to his old home. Some time later he returned to Galena, seemingly being there through the Black Hawk war.

Then in 1833, he set out on an expedition of great importance. He tells us that he hired a Frenchman as a helper and started from Galena

in a canoe to get some necessary data for the running of a trail or road from the newborn Chicago, west to connect with the Kellogg trail. Will you underscore this line as you think back to my portrayal of Phelps and Crane standing by Crane's cabin, and dreaming, planning a trail that would run from Crane's Grove to Chicago and follow Crane's trail west to Savanna. The dream was beginning to take form.

They worked their way down the Pecatonica river to Rock river, looking for suitable fording places and sites for mills and then down Rock river to the present site of Rockford, then still a wilderness. Phelps says that he spent some days there, finding a good fording place as a crossing for wagons and stages, and charting the ground for the Savanna-Chicago trail. The first definite step in the history of Rockford was being taken at that time. But he finally decided not to make that his home where he would try to establish a village because it seemed to him that there was not enough timber. Going down the river he came to the present site of Byron and spent several days there prospecting. He found another ford and charted it, but he had the same reaction as before: there was not enough timber in the vicinity. Again he had fashioned the first link in the history of future Byron, but he decided not to make it his dwelling-place. Continuing on downstream, they came to the present site of Oregon, and at last

he had found the ideal place; a good place for fording the river and plenty of forestland.

While in the neighborhood he discovered a tent occupied by a government officer and surveyor named Burr, who was a son of Aaron Burr. Burr was a good companion and because of his surveying for the government, had become well acquainted with the surrounding territory. When Phelps told him that he was interested in bringing a road out from Chicago, and wanted a good place to establish a colony in the neighborhood, the surveyor took him out to a spot between the present sites of Oregon and Mt. Morris, and there John Phelps built his cabin, the ruins of which are still to be seen.

For fear that we may not catch up with him again, let me put down with little comment, the things for which John Phelps should receive credit. He was the most prominent figure in colonizing both Mt. Morris and Oregon. He put Rockford on the map, and probably sent the first settler there, a man named Kent. Kent's Creek is still on the Rockford map. Kent came up the river from Dixon in 1834. The routine would be that Dixon sent him to Phelps' Cabin, and Phelps gave him the news about Midway as Rockford was first called. My theory is that Phelps named that ford because it was MIDWAY between Chicago and Galena. There is evidence that Kent came to Midway from Galena. It is easily possible that having talked

with Dixon and Phelps, he went back to Dixon's Ferry, went up to Galena via the Kellogg Trail and followed Phelps' previous journey down the Pecatonica River in a canoe, to investigate various sites on both the Pecatonica and Rock rivers that Phelps may have told him about. The next year a man named Sanford, like Kent, came up Rock River. He looked over Phelps' chart of Byron, and went there and looked it over and liked it; went on up to Midway and worked awhile for Kent, then came back the next year, 1835, to put up his buildings at Phelps' second ford.

The present village of Byron is the result of that man's staking his claim there. But there is an interesting thing about the naming of the village. The early settlers voted to call their village, Bloomingville, and so notified the post-office department. But the postmaster-general refused to approve their name, saying that Illinois already had a Bloomingdale and Bloomington, and Bloomingville would be "a headache" for the postal clerks. Then some admirer of the poet Byron, suggested his name and so he sprang into fame.

Continuing with the achievements of John Phelps, with Tom Crane, he is entitled to the most credit in the establishing of the stage-route east from Crane's Grove to Chicago after he laid out the road from Midway to Dixon where the Kellogg trail was intersected. But almost at the

same time, the stage line was carried on west from Midway to Crane's Grove where it intersected the Kellogg trail, and later on through Cherry Grove to intersect the Lewiston trail and go on to Savanna. More about this later. Those interested will find ample material about this dynamic, versatile, talented man in connection with the history of Oregon and Mt. Morris. His life is prominently woven into the background of those two communities. He lived long, and before he died, chose his own burial place by the side of Rock river, across from the Indian monument, in Riverview Cemetery, Oregon.

Samuel M. Hitt is the final prominent man in our Northern Illinois Development Company. He was born in Kentucky (not Maryland as some histories give it) in 1799. His being born in that state suggests a possible acquaintance with Captain Thomas Crane and perhaps others of the group, and may be a clue to the close relation between Hitt and Crane later on. During Samuel Hitt's boyhood, the family moved back to Ohio, and when he was a man grown, he went back to Washington county, Maryland to visit the numerous Hitt clan, his people, living there. And he probaly met others of the families who moved later because of his influence to the Mt. Morris-Maryland colony.

At the close of the Black Hawk war, Hitt returned to the west and came up the Kellogg trail, either to renew his acquaintance with

Captain Crane or to get acquainted. They went over to Cherry Grove, a little more than ten miles perhaps, and quoting an old Carroll county history he bought "the holdings of Thomas Crane." That is only partly true as will appear later. But probably he bought the tavern and "abatis," and perhaps a considerable amount of his land. Hitt operated on quite an extensive scale, but Crane evidently kept some of the land, as he "planted" some of his relatives here, and brought other families from Kentucky or southern Illinois.

One of the families was named Garner. Francis Garner was Crane's double brother-in-law, for he married Amelia Crane and Crane married his sister. The Garners (others coming at that time), and the descendants of that first generation, were prominent people in the settlement of Carroll county. Some of the Garners still live in the Cherry Grove neighborhood. Garner Moffett, a relative of the Garner's, was another very prominent man in the early history of Carroll county, brought in by Crane.

But Samuel Hitt was a much greater promoter than Crane. He was engaged in so many different enterprises that he brought a man from the east, named Harris, to be his business agent, and to represent him in various Carroll county enterprises. Mt. Carroll was not settled until 1841, but Hitt's name entered into the building of saw-mills, flour-mills, etc., through these in-

tervening years. Perhaps in 1835, he brought a man from "back home" in Maryland, some years younger than himself, named (Captain) Nathaniel Swingley, to assist him with the Cherry Grove work and to plan for their big enterprise ahead. The title "Captain" makes us wonder whether he had come earlier and was in the Black Hawk war.

While this promotional work was going on in the Cherry Grove neighborhood where now Mt. Carroll, Lanark, and much later Shannon are situated, Hitt and Swingley were teaming up with John Phelps, entering into a promotional undertaking with him.

You will remember that Phelps had located between the present towns of Oregon and Mt. Morris. As these three men carried on the settlement of this territory, Phelps spent most of his time developing Oregon while Samuel Hitt and Swingley, his deputy, devoted their chief attention to Mt. Morris. These two men returned to Washington county, Maryland, in 1836, to interest their relatives and friends in this territory. And the next year, 1837, an exodus on an extensive scale, took place from that part of Maryland, which culminated in the building of Mt. Morris.

Certain names in that group stand out prominently. More of the Hitts came, including the Rev. Thomas Hitt, prominent educator as well as preacher, and father of Robert R. Hitt, later

distinguished in the political life of our country. Rev. Hitt was one of the leaders in the founding of Mt. Morris Seminary that provided an education for many of the most prominent men of our state.

Dr. Isaac Rice was another prominent name in early Mt. Morris history. I knew him quite well during my years in Mt. Morris College, starting in 1886. He was another of the numerous windows through which I looked back on the early Illinois history. Other names include the Wagners, Householders, Marshalls, Fridleys, Sprechers, Sharers, Braytons, all of whom, or their immediate descendants, I knew and have known across the years.

Many other names deserve to be mentioned, but one interested in the early history of this particular region, will find abundant material in "Mt. Morris, Past and Present," published by Harry G. Kable.

This group was known as The Maryland Colony for many years. Its descendants still people that region and are prominent to this day.

While Mt. Morris was growing rapidly, Oregon was keeping pace, and on up Rock River, Byron and Rockford were doing likewise. While Samuel Hitt continued his promotional work in the Cherry Grove neighborhood, he was living here in the Mt. Morris region, helping to organize various business enterprises. He must have

divided his time between the two places. There seems to have been considerable moving back and forth too by Mt. Morris families and those around Cherry Grove and Lanark. Quite a number of families seem to have had representatives in the two regions.

But here is a strange, unusual thing about this related history of these two communities. The Ogle county histories do not seem to have been aware that Hitt was an Illinois man rather than a Maryland man when he came to Mt. Morris; that Samuel Hitt spent an important chapter of his busy life in the Cherry Grove neighborhood and that he was a Tennessee man instead of a Marylander. If one wrote a biography of Samuel M. Hitt from the Ogle county histories he would have had his subject born in Maryland instead of Tennessee, would have had him come directly from Maryland with the colony, instead of going from Cherry Grove to get them. Yet while S. M. Hitt was very active in Mt. Morris affairs, he seems to have done much more for the promotion of Carroll county than of Ogle county.

Returning to Buffalo Grove for a moment, during the passing years it was spreading over to the west to form Elkhorn Grove, Milledgeville and several intervening hamlets. The southern part of Carroll county was quite definitely settled from Buffalo Grove in Ogle county, and the northern part of the county, as Mt.

Carroll, Lanark, etc., from the Cherry Grove settlement. Savanna did not seem to add much to the settling of the county. Its influence was not helped any by the struggle that developed over the selection of a county seat.

Savanna had the advantage of age, the three first settlers having come there from the lead-mine region in 1828. But there did not seem to be any push from that direction, to settle the territory to the west. Its interest seemed confined to the river-travel.

On the other hand, Crane very definitely helped and Kellogg and Chambers also helped in the settling of this territory from the east.

Mt. Carroll had a late beginning (not until 1841) but it grew quite rapidly. Cherry Grove and S. M. Hitt had much to do with this settlement.

When the choosing of a town for the county seat for the newly-organized Carroll county took place, Savanna sought the prize, but its being on the edge of the county and its past indifference worked against it. The settlements that sprang out of Cherry Grove and Buffalo Grove teamed up to outvote the Savanna group, and Mt. Carroll was chosen.

But this fanning-out process was typical of what was happening all over northern Illinois. Families were building homes, attracting other families, a village grew, and sent its shoots perhaps in various directions. And so during the

late thirties and the forties, community life took possession of this part of the state.

Freeport got away to a late start, William Baker just getting in under the wire in 1835. But from the earliest years it grew very rapidly.

In 1835, the Frink and Walker Stage Company made real the dream and plan of Phelps and Crane by running a route west from Chicago to the Rock river ford at Midway, marked by Phelps previously. Then the route continued on west to join the Kellogg trail at Crane's cabin in Crane's Grove. From Midway (Rockford) to this point, there were stations at Winnebago, 12-mile Grove, that slipped from the high ground in later years to become Pecatonica in the river-bottom, and Hunt's tavern, a landmark that stood for many years until the old stone house was destroyed by fire a few years ago; and then on to Crane's tavern where it crossed the Kellogg trail, and from there followed Crane's trail through Cherry Grove and on to Savanna.

A line of stages came up from Peoria to Dixon, and there fanned out into several branches. The newest line ran up Rock river to Midway and into Chicago. Other lines came up to Buffalo Grove to go on to Galena over both the Kellogg and Lewiston trails. And the Chicago-Rockford line branched at Rockford to run down the river to Dixon and on west to Savanna. If a Chicago passenger wished to go to

Galena, he came out on the Chicago-Savanna line to Crane's Grove and there transferred to the Dixon-Galena line.

List of roads laid out by
The Northern Illinois Development Company

* * *

The Kellogg Trail—Year 1825

Fort Clark to La Pointe (Peoria to Galena)

* * *

Crane's Trail—Year 1831

Crane's Grove via Cherry Grove to Savanna intersecting Lewiston Trail at Cherry Grove

* * *

Chambers' Trail—Year 1831

Buffalo Grove to Cherry Grove meeting Lewiston Trail and Crane's Trail at Cherry Grove

* * *

Phelps' Trail—Year 1834-5

Midway to Dixon's Ferry connecting with The Kellogg Trail at Dixon's Ferry

* * *

The Crane-Phelps' Trail—Year 1834-5

Crane's Grove to Fort Dearborn

* * *

The Savanna-Fort Dearborn Trail—Year 1834-5

from Savanna, connecting with Lewiston Trail, and Chambers' Trail at Cherry Grove; with The Kellogg Trail at Crane's Grove; and Phelps' Trail at Midway

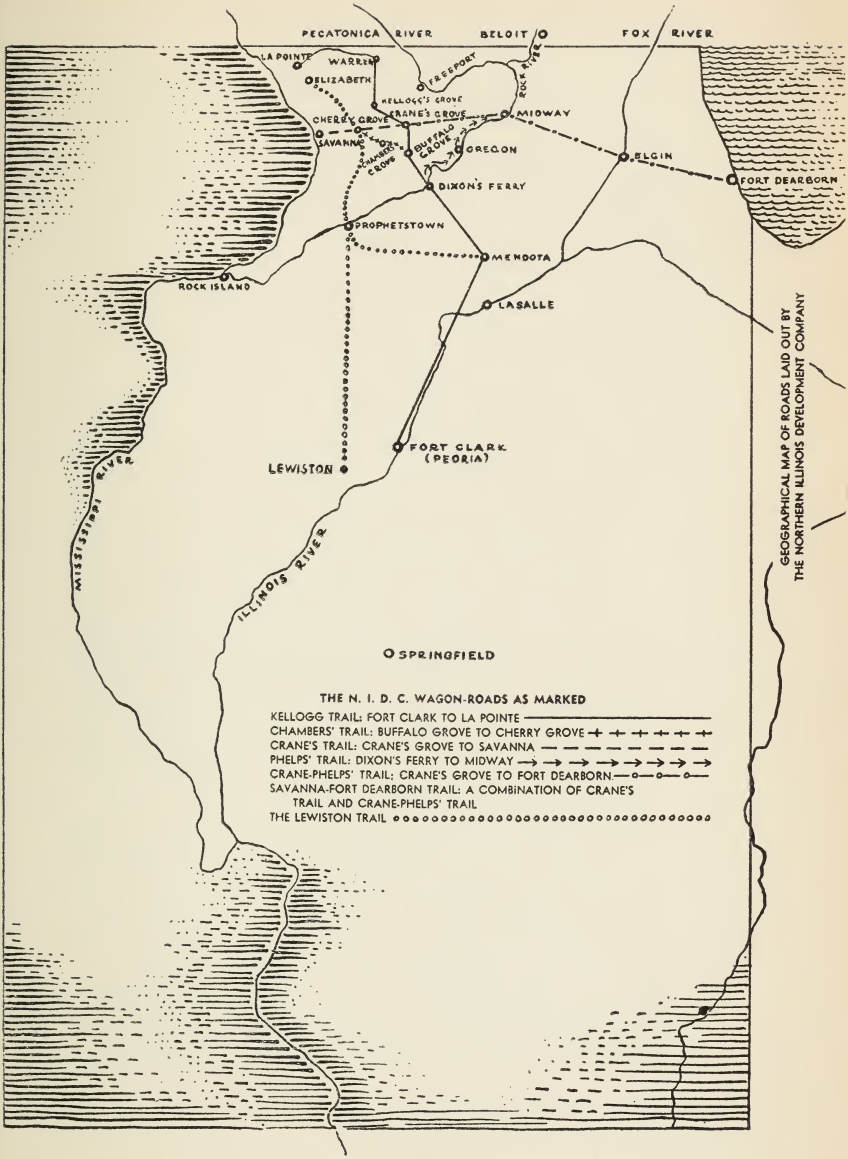
A few years later, the Chicago-Galena Road followed the Savanna-Fort Dearborn Trail from Chicago almost to Freeport. From this point it went through Freeport, and on in a westerly direction, to pick up The Lewiston Trail, somewhere in the neighborhood of Elizabeth. This road does not belong to the above list.

During the early thirties following the Blackhawk war, the settlement of northern Illinois assumed wider proportions.

In 1833, the village of Chicago was incorporated, and travel from the east by water to the Illinois lake-ports, became a more important factor. Would-be settlers were crowding north all along the line running east and west through Peoria. From points like Bloomington and Ottawa, they were moving toward old Fort Dearborn, not for war but for peace. But the group of roads we are considering, continued to be the distributing-lines for most of the settlers.

The years of 1835-1836, with all of the stage-lines in operation opened a new period of settlement. With the routes from Peoria to Dixon, and then branching to continue serving the northwestern part of the state along the Kellogg trail and its branches, and also running from Dixon to Midway and on into Chicago over the Savanna-Fort Dearborn trail, the northern part of the state was really opened to settlers looking for a home in the west, and many took advantage of the opportunity given.

The broad outline of the process of settling is apparent. Let us take Ogle county as an ex-


PECATONICA RIVER
BELOIT
FOX RIVER
LA POINTE
WARREN
ELIZABETH
FREEPORT
ROCK RIVER
KELLOGG'S GROVE
CRANE'S GROVE
MIDWAY
CHERRY GROVE
SAVANNA
BUFFALO GROVE
OREGON
ELGIN
FORT DEARBORN
DIXON'S FERRY
PROPHETSTOWN
MENDOTA
ROCK ISLAND
LASALLE
FORT CLARK
(PEORIA)
LEWISTON
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
ILLINOIS RIVER
SPRINGFIELD
THE N. I. D. C. WAGON-ROADS AS MARKED
KELLOGG TRAIL: FORT CLARK TO LA POINTE
CHAMBERS' TRAIL: BUFFALO GROVE TO CHERRY GROVE
CRANE'S TRAIL: CRANE'S GROVE TO SAVANNA
PHELPS' TRAIL: DIXON'S FERRY TO MIDWAY
CRANE-PHELPS' TRAIL: CRANE'S GROVE TO FORT DEARBORN
SAVANNA-FORT DEARBORN TRAIL: A COMBINATION OF CRANE'S TRAIL AND CRANE-PHELPS' TRAIL
THE LEWISTON TRAIL
GEOGRAPHICAL MAP OF ROADS LAID OUT BY THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

ample. John Phelps and Oliver Kellogg were located in what later became Ogle county, while John Dixon living in what later became Lee county, was in the future Ogle county dooryard. John Dixon at the Rock river ferry would have great influence in directing settlers up the Phelps trail through the Rock river valley and on toward Chicago along the Savanna-Fort Dearborn road. John Phelps at Oregon would pass them on and give further advice.

O. W. Kellogg at Buffalo Grove would help settlers find locations in his territory or farther west in what became Carroll county or north along the Kellogg road. Thomas Crane could send land-seekers north toward Galena or west toward Savanna or east toward Fort Dearborn.

Thinking of the territory of what was later Ogle and Winnebago counties, we note Kent settling Midway in 1834 and laying the foundations for what became Rockford, which now in 1948 claims to be the second largest city in the state.

Jared W. Sanford settled in what was called Bloomingville and later Byron.

In 1834, Leonard Andrus went on up the river above Dixon's ferry and explored the territory now called Grand de Tour which he settled in 1835. If we study the county townships, we find that most of them had at least one settler by the close of 1835 or 1836, and the number rapidly increased during the next ten years. In some instances the first home built became

the center of a village, while in other instances, townships had only rural dwellers for even as long as twenty years.

It was several years after what was later called Flagg township, welcomed the first settler, that anybody built in the neighborhood of Rochelle which has become the largest city in Ogle county. Pine Rock township had its first settler in 1835. The later influx established several villages in that territory.

The history of Stephenson county is not as definite as that of Ogle county. The Galena lead-mine region crowded on what later became Stephenson county. In that territory were numerous miners, prospectors, explorers, hunters, adventurers, etc., who were not thinking seriously of establishing homes. Quite a number of these men visited this territory, searching for lead, sites for ferries or sawmills, or perhaps only curious to see what the country looked like. But there is the same pattern of settlement in both counties.

As two homes were built in Ogle county in 1829 by Chambers and Ankeney, so two were built in that year in Stephenson county by Kellogg and Crane. The third was built after the Black Hawk war, in 1834, by William Waddams, who came out of the Galena territory where he had gone at an earlier date. Lyman Brewster settled in Winslow in 1834, having a ferry across the Pecatonica river, near the Wis-

consin state line. Winslow may be the oldest village or city in Stephenson county. William Baker laid out his home on the banks of the same river, December 17, 1835, building the next year, to found Freeport which has grown into one of the most prosperous cities in northern Illinois.

The years 1835-1837 brought a few settlers to the different parts of the county, and then the influx increased. This pattern can be applied to the other counties in this part of the state. The year 1835 is inscribed in large figures upon the territory extending all of the way from Freeport to Chicago. The stage-lines had a prominent place in this development. They seem to have been closely related or organized into quite a monopoly. The names of Winters, Frink and Walker run through the organizations. The year that the Chicago-Savanna stage-line was put in operation (1835) marked the coming of the first settler to nearly every town that sprang up along that line. That also marked the coming of the first setttler to Freeport. The only exception I think, was Rockford where Kent settled in 1834.

The Chicago-Savanna stage-line continued until into the year of 1838 when it became apparent that Savanna was not destined to become a metropolis or even a county seat. Then the stages ran as before to Hunt's tavern, but from there continued on along the Pecatonica river

to make Freeport the next stop, and then went on northwest to mark the beginning of the present route 20 to Galena. The stage company or companies seemed to work in close cooperation with the Development Company.

An interesting but to-be-expected feature of the development of this region was that those early wagon-road trails marked the beginning of our prominet highways (with the kinks straightened out of course). But the wagon-roads were the surveyors also for the railroad lines. This was particularly true of the Kellogg trail. When the first Illinois Central railroad was built south from Freeport, projected to New Orleans and started from Freeport in 1853, it picked up the Kellogg trail in Crane's Grove, and followed it all of the way to La Salle. When the second line was built from Freeport west through Iowa, it followed the trail all of the way from Waddams Grove to Galena. And when later the Great Western railroad was built from Chicago west through Dunbar (South Freeport) it picked up the trail in Crane's Grove near the John Frisbie and Lacy farms, and followed it west through Van Brocklin (Bolton) Pearl City, and on by the Kellogg Grove or Black Hawk monument into Kent.

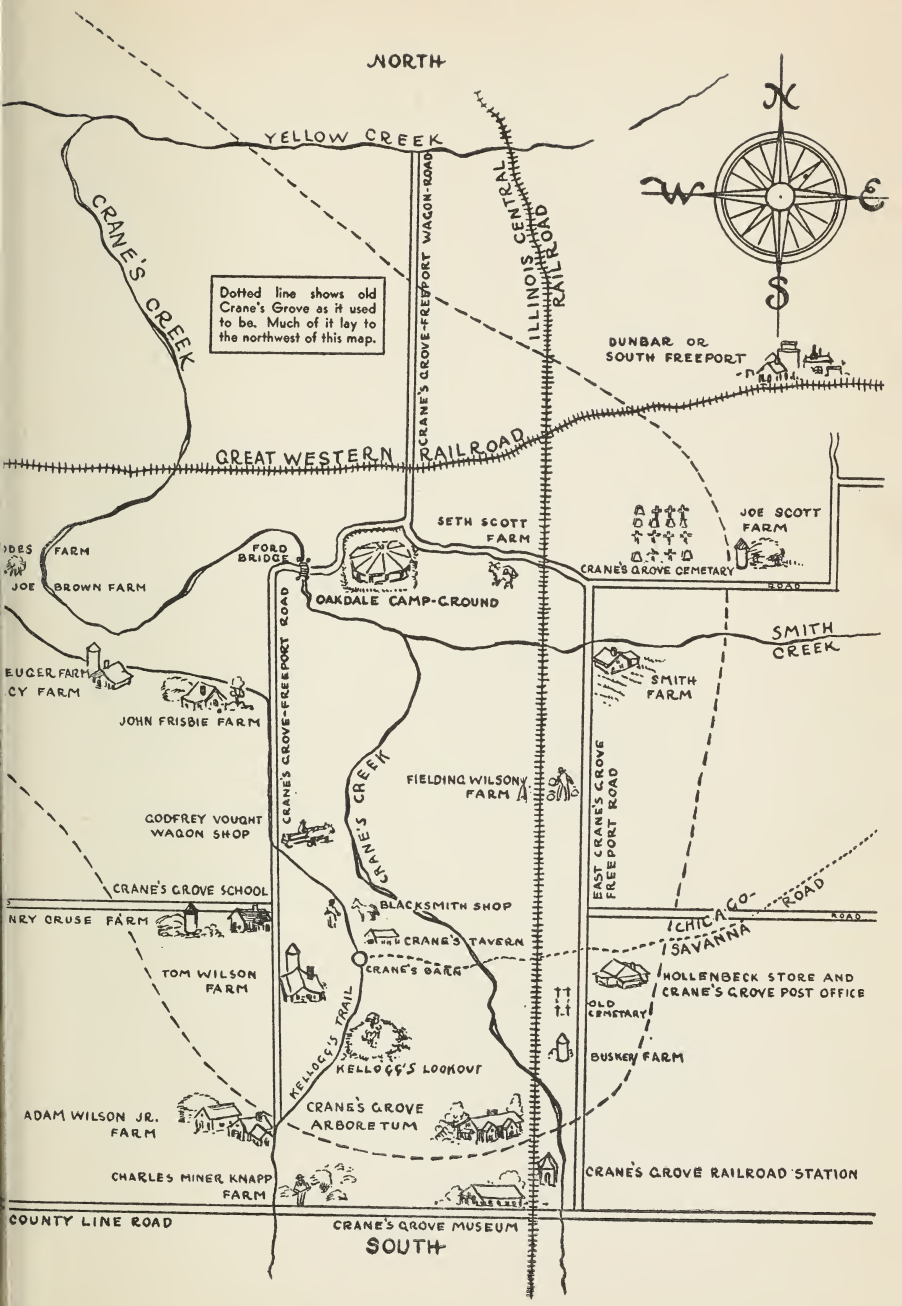
The Freeport branch of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, also built in 1853 from Freeport to Chicago, followed the Crane's Grove-Fort Dearborn trail quite closely all of

the way, seeking access to the cities and villages that had grown up along the trail.

During the years we have been writing about, the organization of Illinois was being carried forward. The first mention of the part of the state we are interested in, so far as county organization is concerned, was in 1821 when a few counties in the southern tip of the state having been organized, Pike County was set up to include all of the remainder of the state. Then farther north, Fulton county was organized in 1823, including the territory north of it. Then in 1825, Peoria county was organized including the territory north with Fort Clark the county seat. So when Kellogg blazed the trail from Fort Clark to La Pointe, he did not get outside of Peoria county.

In 1827, all of the territory north of Peoria county was organized into Jo Daviess county, and at this time the name of Galena was substituted for La Pointe and became the county seat. When John Phelps took his canoe trip and meandered through several present counties, he did not get outside of Jo Daviess county.

During the year 1836, the state legislature "erected" in this territory the counties of Ogle, Winnebago and Whiteside. The organization had to be completed later by a vote of the citizens, a certain number being required. Stephenson county was organized in 1837, and later approved by the voters.


NORTH
YELLOW CREEK
CRANE'S CREEK
Dotted line shows old Crane's Grove as it used to be. Much of it lay to the northwest of this map.
CRANE'S GROVE-FREEPORT WAGON-ROAD
ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD
DUNBAR OR SOUTH FREEPORT
GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD
SETH SCOTT FARM
JOE SCOTT FARM
CRANE'S GROVE CEMETARY
FARM
JOE BROWN FARM
FORD BRIDGE
OAKDALE CAMP-GROUND
SMITH CREEK
SMITH FARM
JOHN FRISBIE FARM
CRANE'S GROVE-FREEPORT ROAD
FIELDING WILSON FARM
CRANE'S CREEK
EAST CRANE'S GROVE FREEPORT ROAD
GODFREY VOUGHT WAGON SHOP
CRANE'S GROVE SCHOOL
BLACKSMITH SHOP
CRANE'S TAVERN
CRANE'S BARN
ICHICAGO-SAVANNA ROAD
TOM WILSON FARM
HOLLENBECK STORE AND CRANE'S GROVE POST OFFICE
OLD CEMETARY
KELLOGG'S TRAIL
KELLOGG'S LOOKOUT
BUSKEN FARM
ADAM WILSON JR. FARM
CRANE'S GROVE ARBORETUM
CHARLES MINER KNAPP FARM
CRANE'S GROVE RAILROAD STATION
COUNTY LINE ROAD
CRANE'S GROVE MUSEUM
SOUTH

While Ogle county was organized in 1836, there were not enough voters in the county to approve it at the April election. A year later, April, 1837, the act was approved but did not set up Ogle county as we know it for Lee and Whiteside counties were a part of it. But in 1839, they were set off, and Ogle county became what it is today.

While the organization of the state was being perfected, the public schools were taking shape. Seemingly the first school in Stephenson county was in the Winslow Settlement taught by a Jane Goodhue. The second was the Crane's Grove school started in 1836. This was held in Crane's tavern, Crane bringing a teacher named Charles Walker from the east. Whatever ability he had as a teacher is not revealed, but he was proficient in the art of horse-stealing, and was sent to the state penitentiary at Alton. Other teachers were found. The first special building used for a school, was erected by Seth Scott who had settled in the east part of Crane's Grove in 1835. This was between the Crane's Grove Cemetery and the present Oakdale campground.

This proving too long a walk for the children, a school was resumed in Crane's cabin. It continued on after Adam Wilson bought out Crane in 1841 and moved into his home. Then after Wilson's son-in-law, Godfrey Vought, a wagonmaker, had put up his buildings on the trail beyond the Crane buildings, the school was held in

the loft over the wagon-shop. The Vought buildings, house and barn, made from stone quarried along Crane's Creek a few rods away, are still standing. The Voughts moved to Freeport, selling the farm which was later known as the Petermeier farm. The teacher was Miss Adeline Holly. She and my mother were close friends, and in the early years of this century (1902 and on) Mrs. Adeline Holly Chase was a member of the Polo church of which I was the pastor. This friendship was another of the numerous windows through which I looked upon the early Crane's Grove life.

The next building that housed the school was the house built by Adam Wilson, Jr., along the Kellogg trail, a little more than a half-mile southwest of the Crane tavern. This school was held in the cellar-basement.

The first Crane's Grove school-building was erected in 1854. It was a frame building, and was started about a half mile northeast of Crane's home on the Chicago-Savanna road, about where the newly-built Illinois Central railroad, and the new Freeport-Crane's Grove East-road, crossed it, and where W. H. Hollenbeck, first county clerk, I think of Stephenson County, had built a store and postoffice. Mail-service had been discontinued in "Crane's tavern" long before this. There had been a neighborhood squabble over the location of the school with perhaps the stronger group favoring the

building of it on its present location, on the Freeport-Crane's Grove west road, some forty rods due west of "Crane's tavern." Before the building was completed or at least used, a group of men came in the night with their oxen, and pulled it bodily to its present location where it ever after remained. This building was used until 1873 when the present stone school-house was erected. In 1876, at the tender age of four years, with my older brother aged six, I started my public school career here, walking the one and a half miles each way. Several vivid impressions remain of that early experience. The teacher, Kate Griggs, was a relative of mine, and perhaps used cookies as a bait to draw me so far from home. And the solid timber (Crane's Grove), surrounding the school-house and extending to the back door of our home enticed our feet from the road, now and again.

While the particulars would differ, in rough outline the story of our school would be that of the hundreds of others that sprang up in those pioneer days all over this territory. Our ancestors were interested in education.

The Settlement Moves Out of the Grove

I have spoken about two Freeport-Crane's Grove roads in connection with the school. Before we continue with the general development of the Kellogg territory, let me speak of them as an example of what took place in hundreds of

localities. Crane's Grove was not an ideal location for a public highway. It was essential for those times because the springs were there, and the ground was comparatively high. For the conditions of those days, it was the ideal place, but the ground is rough, hilly, stony, not ideal for building sites, and it was in the very heart of the large grove. While settlers were still reluctant to build on the prairie, they were commencing to build in the edge of the grove, where perhaps some of the farm land would be prairie.

In 1850, two of the settlers presented a petition to the county-commissioners to authorize the two roads that after a fashion had been laid out for the convenience of the people. I have seen this petition, with many other interesting papers, still in the possession of the descendants of some of the Scott family. This paper carried the signatures of F. D. Bulkley and Seth Scott, Sr. Both of these men came to the neighborhood in 1835 or in 1836 and both were prominent in early Stephenson county affairs. F. D. Bulkley had built his log house in the east edge of Crane's grove, east of the present Crane's Grove cemetery, perhaps 80 rods, where the road ends abruptly to turn north and then east to the Silver Creek town-house. The site is where the new house stands just beyond the road-termination. In the east, Bulkley was a Methodist preacher. His voice having broken down, he had to stop preaching and he joined the migration

to Illinois. But he did not stop preaching. He held services in Crane's cabin, and Scott's cabin, and a building Seth Scott put up later to be used for a school and church. And when the village of Freeport came into being, Bulkley gathered the Methodist sheep out of the Freeport flock, and organized the "class" that became the present First Methodist Church. Bulkley was also an indispensable county-official. He was county-surveyor for years, and his name is mentioned many times in connection with real estate matters in Freeport and Stephenson county.

Seth Scott, Sr., built his cabin in the grove where the Scott buildings, stone house and barn, still stand, a few rods west of the Illinois Central railroad, east of Oakdale campground. Some years later, Seth Scott's nephew, Joe Scott, came west and built near the present Crane's Grove Cemetery.

I presume that Frederick Bulkley did the surveying for the new roads. The East-road (Baileyville to Freeport) ran on a section-line. Starting with the county-line road between Stephenson and Ogle counties, the road ran north, some two miles, paralleling the railroad, some fifteen rods to the east. This crossed the Chicago-Savanna trail about a mile north of the county line. To the right was the Hollenbeck store; to the left and a little south, near the top of "The Busker Hill" was the "old cemetery"; and here the first Crane's Grove school-house was started.

After running north two miles, the road turned to the west by northwest (as it still does), crossed the railroad, went by Seth Scott's home, and on to join the other parallel road, along the north boundary of Oakdale campground, dip under the Great Western railroad and continue north into Freeport. If you will remember that old Freeport was where the Illinois Central depot is, you will see that the new road did not need to go very far to the west to arrive at Baker's home.

The west road leaving the county line, followed Kellog's trail instead of a section-line. It is really three-quarters of a mile west of the east-road instead of the full mile. It runs due north, some two miles as the other. Then coming near to Crane's Creek Ford-bridge, it turns east across the creek, then jogs north and east to join the east-road just before the Great Western viaduct. For years after this, there was no bridge across Crane's Creek. It was still the ford without the bridge. The trail swung away from this road not far from where it started to angle across to Kellogg's Lookout and on to Crane's Cabin. Then the trail veered to the left from the cabin, so that Godfrey Vought's home was on the wagon-road.

Two more of the Wilson children were on this West-road. Adam Wilson, Jr., built the place where Richard Seuring now lives. And Tom Wilson built farther north, about half-way to

the school-house. These buildings have been abandoned for a good many years and have practically disappeared.

Starting again at the county line, my grandfather, Charles Miner Knapp, built in the corner made by the county-line road, and the West-road of Crane's Grove. A mile north was the school-house. Then came the Vought place. Following on down the road some three-fourths of a mile, we are following the Kellogg trail. But about a fourth of a mile before coming to Crane's Creek Ford, the Kellogg trail veered to the northwest, heading for Kellogg's Grove. On the trail to the west, the first home was that of John Frisbie whose descendants still occupy it. The next place was first built by a Charlie Krueger, and then became the home of the Lacy family for many years. Mrs. Dr. William Karcher grew to womanhood here. The next farm was that of Joe Brown, and the Browns lived there a long time. From here the trail carried on to the present poor-farm and to Van Brocklin.

With the building of the two parallel roads to Freeport, travel through the heart of Crane's Grove virtually ceased. Adam Wilson who supplanted Thomas Crane in 1841, had been a blacksmith in Pennsylvania and carried on his trade here so that this brought some of the neighbors to the former, busy place. The old people lived on here until about 1858, when they moved in with their son Tom whose house was

on the West-road, and the Crane buildings were abandoned and left to the ravages of time.

Adam Wilson and his wife were the great-grandparents of Mrs. Thomas Nash, now residing in Baileyville.

During these years of organization and the following twenty years, say through the forties and fifties, the settlement of this area continued at a rapid pace. Frequently, villages or communities were settled by groups of people, not from an eastern or southern state, but from countries across the ocean, so that those of us who were familiar with this region, could name English settlements, Irish settlements, German settlements, Holland settlements, etc. But all of the varieties of mankind were being melted into a unity of feeling; all rejoicing that here they were free to live as their own God-given talents directed, to build their own destinies so long as they did not trespass against their neighbor. The shackles of a restricting government had been thrown off; they were the government, organized under due processes of law, to chart their own course, protect their freedom, and this was a nation "of the people, for the people, by the people."

And yet as these years passed, ominous clouds appeared upon the horizon. They were free, but the black men were not free. This sentence was everlastingly penetrating the legislative halls, the council meetings, their individual hearts and

consciences. They were free but the black man was not free. Could "a nation endure, half slave and half free?" They were free; would they be willing that another man should have the right to own them as he owned cattle, to force them to spend their years as he did his horses, toiling for him instead of for their own families, to put them on the auction block and sell them as he did livestock? Their community, county, state were free; would they be willing that any citizens of Illinois should keep slaves or an outsider bring them in? These were the questions tormenting people everywhere. When they met, in the village store, on the road, in the churchyard, at a barn-raising, ANYWHERE, they were talking about these things.

These problems and discussions were nationwide. Session after session of the United States Congress made this matter its chief item of business. The Missouri Compromise, The Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the Dred Scott Decision by the Supreme Court had churned the troubled waters into whirling eddies. More and more, political lines were being sharply drawn upon this issue alone.

This was the picture when in 1858 Stephen A. Douglas seeking to continue as United States senator from Illinois and Abraham Lincoln who sought to replace him held their famous series of debates up and down our state. These debates and their consequences were of such tre-

mendous importance that they were written about from every angle, and many histories give minute accounts of them. I have no desire to trespass upon this thoroughly-tilled soil. And the same holds for the Lincoln-Douglas debate in Freeport. One can read "Freeport's Lincoln," edited by W. T. Rawleigh, or Winston Churchhill's "The Crisis" or any one of a multitude of other books. I wish to hold quite closely to this historic debate as it has to do with the Kellogg trail and in a lesser degree with Crane's Grove.

The first debate had been held August 21, 1858, in Ottawa. The second was to be held August 27 in Freeport, and the section of Illinois we have been writing about was greatly excited. Everybody seemed determined to be there. Stephenson and Ogle counties naturally had the largest contingents; but Lee and Whiteside and Carroll, Jo Daviess and Winnebago swelled the crowd; and from farther away, the people came afoot, on horseback, by wagon; alone or in considerable delegations, with banners proclaiming their allegiance. They slept out as their fathers did when they first came up the Kellogg trail. Both debaters had their partisans. But in this strongly Republican part of the state, it would seem that the Lincoln-boosters were in the majority.

August 27 was the day that Abe Lincoln came up the trail for the third time. Not on horseback perhaps as he came in 1832 because he was

the captain of a company of state militia at the beginning of the Black Hawk war (riding unless he had loaned his horse to an ailing soldier) or as at the close of the war he tramped down the trail from Galena to Fort Clark. This third time he came up the trail via the Illinois Central, probably taking the train at La Salle. You will recall that the railroad followed the Kellogg trail from Crane's Grove to La Salle.

It was an exciting railroad trip, the morning of August 27. Extra coaches were added at different towns to take care of the throngs seeking a way to get to Freeport. Distinguished political figures from widely-scattered sections of the nation were on the train for they knew that this was a day of decision. Prominent men who were feeling that the Illinois rail-splitter was the man of destiny were crowding upon him to give advice or consult about the great issues. A young man, Robert R. Hitt, son of a Mt. Morris man to whom we have paid tribute, a man whom I knew quite well in later years, who was a newspaper reporter for The Chicago Press and Tribune was busy interviewing the distinguished men, and taking notes.

The multitude was crowding in upon Lincoln, and he was doing his best to show an interest in all of them. But he was coming up the Kellogg trail, and the memory of some of those old experiences must have haunted him. As his train was coming into Dixon (old Dixon's ferry), in

my thought I am going to slip over to the Illinois Central railroad, a few rods across my little acreage, and stand on my side of the track, just across from where the Crane's Grove station was at that time; only a platform in Stephenson County, a few yards north of the Ogle county-line.

The Lincoln train was now pulling into Dixon and our hero was thinking of the boys he led, trudging into that outpost in 1832, 26 years before. The train picked up the excited crowd and was pulling across Rock river where his soldier-boys perhaps waded across just for the fun of it. There on the north side of the ford stood the old block-house or fort where he, a volunteer, had been quartered with Jefferson Davis and Zachary Taylor. Since then, in 1849, Taylor had been inaugurated as president of the United States and Jefferson Davis was becoming quite prominent in the Democratic party. But Lincoln was thinking back to the time when they were officers in the United States army and were at Dixon's ferry because of the Black Hawk war. What vivid thoughts must have been aroused in Lincoln's mind as he saw the old fort.

Our local traditions have it that Jeff Davis, graduate of West Point, with his regulars, and Lincoln with his local volunteers went up the trail together; at least both went at the beginning of the war. Since that time, Jefferson Davis had held various prominent positions, being for

a time a United States sentaor. Perhaps during that time Davis had said in a political speech, "We want nothing more than a simple declaration that negro slaves are property." That would arouse in Lincoln the deepest emotions of opposition. Was Lincoln wondering whether he and Davis who had been comrades in arms, would some day be the opposing commanders of a divided union?

While he mused and the aisles of the train were buzzing with excitement and political leaders were thronging about him, anxious to give him a last bit of advice as to what to say, the train was pulling into Crane's Grove station, the last stop before reaching Freeport. Standing there, I am imagining that Lincoln was seated at a west window. As the train stopped he gazed up the gentle, half-mile slope to the long crest of the hill where the Kellogg trail ran on its way down to Crane's creek where Crane's cabin stood, still thinking of the war-days when he and Jeff Davis were friends and comrades, but were now drifting far apart and ever taking more prominent positions in the opposing political factions. Along the trail in plain view (as they still are) were three houses not far apart (built of course after he had come along the trail) and there seemed to be much excitement. Turning for a few moments from those crowding upon him, he gazed at a large float being prepared for the parade to be held in Freeport

after Lincoln had arrived. There was a big platform wagon on which 32 girls dressed in red, white and blue, representing the 32 states of the union, were to be seated, and a thirty-third girl was to be placed with chains on her wrists, representing Kansas. In each of those three houses was a girl belonging to that group, my mother and two aunts. In the left house lived Mrs. Ninah Eaton, a bride, just married, just entering "matrimonial bondage." Perhaps she was the one who represented poor Kansas in bondage. To the right, was the home of Aunt Nancy Wilson. The Wilsons bought out Tom Crane in 1841, and the old people were still living in the Crane cabin. In the center my mother, Laura Knapp, lived. Her father, (my grandfather, Charles Knapp, whose name I bear) came directly down the American line from Nicholas Knapp who with two brothers came from England in 1630 with Governor Winthrop to help establish Massachusetts Bay Colony. They were the strictest of Puritans. When the Revolutionary War came along, my grandfather stoutly insisted that the Knapp generation had not a Tory among them, and many of them fought under George Washington. In mother's immediate family at that time, her direct ancestor and three brothers were soldiers. And in the Civil War to follow, my mother's only two brothers were in Illinois regiments. And that was a typical Illinois family. In our little Crane's

Grove cemetery, nearly 50 Civil War veterans are buried.

In the meantime the train has passed on and has come to Freeport. Let me finish this matter of the parade, held later in the forenoon. The committee in charge had set up the parade, calling upon the different townships to have floats, and offering a beautiful silk flag as first prize. Winston Churchill in "The Crisis," describing the Freeport debate, tells about this float (Silver Creek Township) which won the first prize. The flag was used in Freeport for many years on patriotic occasions but has passed out of sight. It may have been destroyed, but if it does exist, no matter how badly worn, it should be in the Stephenson County Historical Society building. Churchill says that when Lincoln saw the girls on the hayrack, carrying a banner, "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way. The girls link on to Lincoln; their mothers were for Clay," he called them his "Basket of Flowers." Mother used to say that he called them his "Sunflower Girls." Perhaps he called them both names.

The crowded forenoon passed, lunches were eaten, last conferences were held, and by 2 o'clock, the vast throng had surrounded the stand placed in a little grove about two blocks from the Brewster House.

Promptly at 2 o'clock, Lincoln opened the debate and spoke for an hour; Douglas following, spoke for one and a half hours, and Lin-

coln closed the debate with another thirty minutes. There is no need of my emphasizing their arguments. Perhaps no other debate in all history has been so voluminously written about as this. Democrats and Republicans alike vied with each other in extolling their leaders, analyzing their speeches and applying them to the political situation and need of the day.

Glancing ahead for a moment to what followed, it is interesting that Lincoln's most prominent advisers urged against his asking his opponent a certain question, declaring that it would defeat him for the United States senate. And Lincoln, the man with the far look, agreed with them, that it probably would, but that Douglas' answer would defeat Douglas for the presidency later on. And so it happened that the prophet, Lincoln, the man with uncanny insight, with the far look, again spoke truly and decided wisely; for in 1860 he was elected president when Douglas had hoped to obtain that coveted position.

It so happens that I have come to this part of my story of Northern Illinois and am writing these pages on February 12, 1948, Lincoln's birthday. And I would close my story on this day, leaving others to emphasize and interpret the profound truths that came from the lips of the immortal Lincoln on that fateful day; truths that shook the very foundations of our nation, and caused it to follow the path that

would make it continue to be "a government of the people, for the people, and by the people."

I would rather devote my last pages writing of what, it seems to me, was far greater than anything that Lincoln said, and that is WHAT LINCOLN WAS that day when he stood, a lonely figure, on that platform, before the people of his own state, of his native land, yes, and of the world.

In the year 1903, Freeport held a celebration to honor Lincoln, and placed a suitable boulder to mark the spot where Lincoln and Douglas stood, that day of the debate, President Theodore Roosevelt being the speaker. August 27, 1929, Freeport held another Lincoln-celebration with a splendid program and prominent speakers who again gave their interpretations of Lincoln's political pronouncements. In connection with the event, a striking figure of Lincoln was placed and unveiled in Taylor Park made possible through the generosity of W. T. Raleigh, one of Freeport's distinguished citizens.

As one stands now and again before that bronze image and looks at the man portrayed with all of the strength he possessed at the time of the debate, he hears no spoken word from those lips, but he looks at a man who was greater than all of his words, the truest, most perfect example of Democracy, America has produced.

I do not say American Democracy. There is only one kind and it needs no distinguishing

label. Some folks talk about Communism or its milk-and-water sister-in-law Socialism and talk about their democracy, something that they do not have. They stunt man rather than exalt him for they reduce man to the common level. You cannot lift a one-talent man to the position of a five-talent man, but you can suppress the five-talent man to the size of a one-talent man. The wages of (I will not say sin) Communism or Socialism is in the long run, poverty, degeneration, death. Democracy as a philosophy or a political system seeks to free a man from the entanglements with all other men, so that the DIFFERENT talent he possesses (possessed by no other man in the world) can have free play, and if it has value, can benefit all mankind. No man is made in the image of any other man. As no two leaves on this huge maple in my front yard are alike or two human faces in that uncountable stream flowing along the loop-streets in Chicago, are alike, so it is much more true that when we look into the deep regions of the mind or heart, or personality, we find that no two are alike. The Creator has brought Life of all forms to higher levels by giving DIFFERENCES an opportunity to show their worth. If they have merit they lead Life to higher levels.

Democracy seeks to give *every individual* a CHANCE; a chance to live his own life, develop his own talents, make his own contribution to the world if he has anything to contribute. Our

country set itself to do this for its citizens; to give OPPORTUNITY to every man. In the Declaration of Independence, our forefathers declared that these are self-evident truths—"that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." And the first adopted amendment to The Constitution expressed the same thought in different language, insisting that freedom of religion, of speech, of the press, etc., were the inalienable rights of *every* man. The Puritans and other groups came to these shores that they might have these inalienable rights, the Revolutionary War was fought that these rights might be obtained, and these United States were organized that they might be insured.

The mighty spirit of America was that, of Lincoln's America was that: to give every one —yes, the ONE most lonely, friendless man, the same OPPORTUNITY, the same CHANCE to succeed, to come to higher levels, to become the leader of multitudes if he had the ABILITY, the dogged DETERMINATION, the willingness to "work like a digger on the railroad," the hours perhaps being fifteen or twenty hours a day.

If any other man can take over the CHANCE that belongs to this man, DEMOCRACY is gone. If any other man through the influence of any organization, a political party, a labor

union, a church, any organized group is given more of a CHANCE than this one, lone man has, Democracy fails and America is a backslidden land.

This is the greatest message that Abraham Lincoln gave to Northern Illinois, yes to the nation that day, that August day in Freeport. This man born in degradation, nursed in poverty, with not even a grade-school education provided for him; this man poor, obscure, illiterate digging out of corners here and there the knowledge, rightly interpreted, to make him the wisest of men, dug latent abilities of leadership out of the undeveloped mines of his own character, to make him the great American leader, kept his heart warm against ten thousand chilling winds to make him loved and followed by the nation.

Lincoln by what he was, by what he had made of himself, taught the milling throng that day that a man, ANY MAN, though poor and friendless, can stand upon his own feet, and blast his way through every obstacle, can develop his own peculiar talents (few or many and no man, organized group, or nation can give him talents that he does not possess by the act of creation) and make them contribute to humanity's welfare.

The shadows of two men are still stretching across Northern Illinois; Oliver W. Kellogg who blazed a highway through this wilderness that

our forebears might find this a pleasant land, a goodly heritage, and find rich treasure at the end of the trail; and Abraham Lincoln the Great Commoner, who that day in Freeport, pointed the way to the greater emancipation of the common man whether black or white. With those shadows still strongly outlined, "let us here highly resolve that we will strive with our might to teach and provide the example to every man that he, too, can fight his way through the wilderness, all the way to "the Promised Land," that he, too, though a rail-splitter, can aspire to the presidency of this great nation; that he can go all of the way from ignorance to knowledge, from failure to success, from obscurity to renown, from earth to heaven.

And through all of our endeavors let us keep the spirit of him who charted the way, "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in —to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."